

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,529, Vol. 97.

16 April, 1904.

6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	477	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		A Peril for Plays. By Max Beerbohm	488	Lord Melville and Pitt	492
France and England: The Balance of		The Brigand Skua. By Edmund		Tags. By George A. King and	
Profit	480	Selous	489	others	492
The Trend of Trade	481	The City	490	REVIEWS:	
The Military Deadlock	483	Insurance Reports	490	Lord Acton	492
The Historic Road to Annexation	483	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Keyboard of Europe	493
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		The Puzzles of Personality. By		Trodden Paths in China	494
The Sensitive. By A. E. Manning		M. L. Harrison	491	A Seraphic Doctor	494
Foster	485	America and Preferential Tariffs. By		Magna Moles	495
The Bishop's Chancellor: Unreformed	485	Estyn Carson	491	The Lesser Parrots	496
A Bourgeois French Musician. By		Whistler and the National Art Collec-		NOVELS	497
John F. Runciman	486	tions Fund. By Frank Rutter	491	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	498

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Wednesday a disaster terribly illustrative of the nature of modern warfare befell the Russians, who must have the sympathy of all nations. Admiral Makaroff was a man of the strong and simple character which belongs to the great sailors, and to the last he set an example of personal devotion to duty which the seamen of every nation will be the first to acknowledge. Easter night he spent on watch in a guard-boat and it is the irony of fate that an Admiral particularly distinguished for his untiring vigilance should meet his death in a blow struck no one yet knows whence. Under his feet sank one of Russia's finest battleships carrying with her it must be feared the greater part of her complement of 700 men. Among the few survivors is the Grand Duke Cyril who was saved, according to one account "by a miracle", according to another by his power as a swimmer. Temporary command of the squadron has been taken by Prince Ukhtomsky, until Admiral Skrydloff, now in command of the Black Sea fleet, can reach Port Arthur.

At present information as to the cause of the disaster is too meagre to allow accurate deductions, but the "Petropavlovsk" was the Russian flagship for the time being and this, taken in connexion with her capsizing almost immediately from the effects of the shock, points rather to the intelligent action of torpedo boats which would be likely to direct particular attention to the destruction of the Admiral's ship than to the automatic explosion of a mine. We know that a torpedo-boat attack was made in the early hours of Wednesday morning and both Russian and Japanese accounts report the torpedoing of the battleship "Pobieda", which however succeeded in reaching the harbour. This torpedo attack was followed up as usual by the appearance of the battle fleet off the port in the forenoon of the same day. It seems likely that Admiral Makaroff led his squadron out to engage the cruisers which covered the torpedo-boat attack and that it was on his way back to Port Arthur, on the Japanese reinforcements coming up, that the catastrophe occurred.

It is possible that some of the Japanese boats had been laying mines during the dark hours and that the "Petropavlovsk" struck one of them, but if so the appalling rapidity with which she went down throws a new light on their destructive power. On land the campaign has made small progress, but several contradictory reports of skirmishes on the Yalu in the neighbourhood of Wi-ju suggest that the advance is being pushed forward.

The news announced by Mr. Brodrick on Wednesday suggests that armed resistance on the part of the Tibetans will cease and the Mission is now peacefully ensconced at Gyantse, after a second fight in which the Tibetans lost 190 men. The lesson should be sufficient entirely to prevent further military opposition. The Mission has now before it a period of negotiations which according to all precedent the Lamas will prolong ad nauseam unless the fear of a further advance to Lhasa arouses them to a little promptness. It is impossible to predict what persons so ignorant conceited and obstinate may do. It has been said of the Egyptian pasha that when you have ascertained what in a given case is the obvious thing to do, what it is his interest to do and what any person of ordinary sense and temper would do, you have so far advanced that you can safely foretell what the pasha will not do. Much the same may be said of the Lama. Still it is permissible to hope that with the incitement of the Chinese Amban he will see the wisdom of coming to terms at Gyantse and not constrain Colonel Younghusband to visit his capital. It will require great firmness to secure satisfactory terms and a proper guarantee for their fulfilment. The appointment of a European Resident at Lhasa is in every way undesirable. But for a long time to come it will be necessary to remain in occupation of the Chumbi valley, which is not geographically or historically part of Tibet, and should never have been restored after its conquest in 1888.

The intelligence department of the Lamas is so badly organised that it is extremely probable they will never know or will know too late that they have in this country such supporters as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Henry Cotton. The distinction between a military precaution and a warlike operation is so obvious and simple that it ought not to have been necessary to occupy a whole afternoon in the House of Commons in order to demonstrate it. Mr. Brodrick has clearly shown that to assume the existence or intention of war

where the only object was to effect a peaceful negotiation would have precipitated those very complications which the critics of the Government profess themselves anxious to avert. The action of the Tibetans in making an armed attack on the Mission has changed the condition of peace into one of war and compelled the Government to seek Parliamentary recognition of the altered circumstances. It is all so clear that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman could find nothing more militant than to suggest that the Government should bind itself to carry out its own declared policy and then, less courageous than the unfortunate Tibetan soldiery, to run away from the field of battle.

A good deal of criticism of the Anglo-French Agreement published in Paris on Saturday would have been spared if the Parliamentary paper had been published in England earlier. The one severe condemnation of the agreement in the English press, repeated on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, appears to have been silenced on Wednesday. Lord Lansdowne's review of the negotiations adds a good deal to the official text; and the compliments to M. Delcassé and M. Cambon are rather more than a mere official recognition. Lord Lansdowne naturally emphasises that part of the agreement dealing with Egypt and Morocco but he deprecates any criticism which isolates the different sections of the whole agreement. The French Government formally recognises the dominant position of Great Britain in Egypt, pledges itself not to impede our work there by insistence on its temporary character and gives a less formal assurance that French influence will be exercised to induce other nations to accept the proposed changes, expressed in the Khedive's decree annexed to the declaration. It is true that the Caisse de la Dette still retains international control but its functions are to be greatly restricted, and it will have no power of interference in the general administration of the country. Bondholders should benefit by the restriction since the payment of the coupons will be assured on the land tax, and the Caisse de la Dette will have no concern with the customs duties and the railway receipts.

In Morocco we grant similar French predominance with the proviso that perfect freedom of trade shall be allowed at least for thirty years and that fortifications shall not be erected within range of Gibraltar. Though less important in relation to national policy the settlement of the Newfoundland question removes a difficulty which has caused great national irritation for two centuries; and five or six recent attempts to settle it have failed. France foregoes her fishing right on the French shore, a surrender which does not forego her "right to fish". By way of barter we make three concessions in West Africa; the boundary of the Gambia is readjusted in the French interest; the six Los Islands which command Konakry are given up; the frontier line between the Niger and Lake Chad is brought further south. As to Siam, the Convention of 1896 is made more precise, giving both England and France complete liberty of economic action in the provinces east and west of the Menam basin. We withdraw protests made against French methods in Madagascar and questions as to the settlement of land disputes in the New Hebrides are referred to a mixed commission.

Lord Cromer's report on Egypt and the Sudan will emphasise the importance of the free hand which the Anglo-French Agreement secures to the Egyptian Government. For twenty years Egypt has gone on prospering and piling up surpluses which she could not use in their entirety for her own benefit. The record for 1903 is the best so far. There is an actual surplus of £E744,000, the revenue having exceeded the budget estimate of £11,000,000 by £1,464,000. For 1904 the surplus anticipated is £90,000. The surplus is however not the only gauge of Egyptian progress. Important public works have been paid for out of revenue or accumulations and not out of capital. Of course there is "a dead weight of debt", as Lord Cromer calls it, the legacy of the bad old days, but Egypt will now be in a better position to liquidate her liabilities. From the point of view of British trade

Egypt supplies ample proof that the flag means business. Great Britain, as she should, is getting her share of Egyptian orders. Unfortunately the progress of the Sudan is not proportionately great. It will take the country long years to live down the desolation of dervish rule and disease following on bad government and intertribal warfare. But Lord Cromer does not share the gloomy forebodings of Gordon who said that the Sudan was a useless possession, ever was and ever would be so.

In the debate on the Estimates in the German Reichstag the references to the Anglo-French Agreement were marked by a restraint which gives no real occasion for resentment unless to Germanophobes as fierce as the German Anglophobes. There was, it is true, a certain feeling of uneasiness perfectly natural which took the form of a complaint that Germany in the present state of international affairs seems to be compelled to stand aside while England and France are partitioning the most important countries in Africa, and England and Russia are calmly pursuing their policy of expansion in Asia. Count von Bülow met the various criticisms on the Government with the view that Germany's interests in Morocco are commercial only, and that there is no ground for apprehension that they were intended to be disregarded or injured by the contracting parties. In fact these interests will be fostered by tranquillity and order in Morocco. He spoke of the provisions as to Morocco as constituting the main portion of the agreement. The chief value of the agreement with him, as with sensible Frenchmen and Englishmen, is that it represents an attempt to eliminate amicably a number of points of difference between England and France, and Germany welcomes this in the interests of the peace of the world. Count von Bülow in short could not have been more discreet or less offensive.

The new treaty signed between Turkey and Bulgaria gives the semi-dependent State some sort of paper dignity, as a nation among the nations. If the greater part of the troubles in the Balkans did not spring from the aspirations of petty and conceited politics and politicians, one might welcome the agreement. At its face value no one can cavil. Bulgaria pledges herself to permit no encouragement of Macedonian revolution to go on within her boundaries. The formation of the revolutionary committees and of bands of men on the frontier should be impossible. The Petroff Ministry may do its best to carry out this assurance; but in a small country, comprised of a motley tangle of peoples, continuity of any policy is at the least unlikely. On the part of Turkey, a repetition to Bulgaria of assurances already made to Russia and Austria can add nothing to anyone's confidence that the scheme of reformation, now maundering on, will proceed more smoothly, quickly or effectively.

Isabella II., who has lived the life of a private person for more than a generation, died in Paris on Monday at the age of 74. Her reign represented the culmination of most that was bad in modern Spanish history and it was not the least ruinous act of her father's ruinous reign that he cancelled the Salic law. But the revolution of 1868 and the rebellions and European intrigues that followed at least proved to Spaniards that they could not live without an hereditary king. As she was dying, her grandson and his Ministers were receiving a real ovation in the centre of Catalan disloyalty. It is true that anarchic influences were still at work. A bomb was fired last week in Barcelona and an attempt was made to assassinate the Prime Minister as he returned from Queen Isabella's funeral. But the "vive l'anarchie" of this isolated assassin is no longer in any part of Spain a popular cry. It was the Liberal Minister not the King whom the anarchist attacked.

Mr. Stead, in spite of the failure of his host, has penetrated to the Transvaal and, conscious no doubt of personal failings, has been busy preaching the great superiority of Dutchmen over Englishmen. But though most Dutchmen may be more patriotic than some

Englishmen Mr. Stead can hardly find logic in this that shall enable him to deduce his further conclusion that separation would be to the good of the Transvaal. Did not Mr. Stead himself start as an ardent Rhodesian, a pose which he did not surrender till he had caught Mr. Rhodes? Whom he is now trying to catch by preaching war in the Transvaal baffles conjecture. One must be content with the fact that England does perpetually produce such irritating specimens and that their presence in the State does no particular harm so long as the body is healthy enough to resist the infection. It is even said that they are necessary to the general health. But, after the manner of the animal, it is engaged in attacking what appears to be the weaker spot.

Does Mr. Lyttelton consider that anything is good enough for East London? His speeches in the House have been effective from a gift of native and original vigour. At Stratford on Wednesday, even with so fine a theme as the Anglo-French Agreement to help him out, he confessed himself so bankrupt of language that he fell back on a long quotation from a leader in the "Times". Leaders in the "Times" are often good rhetoric, but if our politicians are going to fall back for matter on their party organs they will commit the suicide that is sometimes prognosticated. People do not go to a meeting to hear again the periods which they read at breakfast the day before. Much public speaking is no doubt a strain and eminent politicians, if they took to spouting the papers, would find the ease of life so much increased that they would soon cease to be in request. When Mr. Lyttelton returned to himself—for want of a leader in his "Times" on Chinese labour—he made one very effective point. It should be enough for a logical nonconformist with Liberal principles to know that the Free Churches in the Transvaal passed a resolution in favour of Chinese labour by a majority of thirty to one.

Mr. Chamberlain has come back to find the Government within the House at least as strong as he left it last February. The Ministry have probably got over their parliamentary difficulties: it does not seem that there is any such difficult time before them as they have been through since the opening of the session. The budget, of course, cannot be popular, but we do not think its reception will affect the Ministerial majority. Thus proceedings in Parliament are not likely to make any very exacting claim on Mr. Chamberlain's time or attention. He will be left free to take up the threads of his tariff policy; and we trust he will prosecute it with all vigour. By vigour we do not mean mere energy; Mr. Chamberlain never lacks energy. But we hope that the work will be carried on in a more critical and thorough spirit than has marked at any rate some phases of the tariff campaign hitherto. The most convinced and competent advocates of tariff reform are the first to recognise that a good deal of internal reform is wanted in their own movement. The policy of imperial preference is sound, we believe more strongly than ever that only by some such policy can the Empire be kept together, but in some ways it has been imperfectly put before the public, and reconstruction is required of the organisation which was founded to embody the idea. As it is, not nearly all the support available is brought in, while some, and some of the higher sort, is actually repelled. This tariff movement must not be rushed, neither must it go to sleep.

The Opposition are still busy making their Cabinet. Two points seem now to be quite agreed on; Mr. Asquith is to lead the House, probably as Chancellor of the Exchequer; but in any case he is to lead the House; and Lord Rosebery is to be out of the Cabinet altogether. Lord Spencer is still the favourite (not of the nation) for the Premiership. There have been instances before of one of the least effective members of a Cabinet being Prime Minister—Addington, for instance—so that may happen. But what about Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman? According to the latest report Sir Henry is to be Foreign Secretary, going to the Upper House. This sounds rather

terrible, but it is by no means impossible that the report will prove true. Sir Henry is the man in possession in the Commons, and if they want him to make way for Mr. Asquith, he naturally will make his own price. The Foreign Secretaryship would be a tangible reward for the undoubtedly very bad time Sir Henry has had to go through in the service of his party. We do not see that Liberals could justly demur, if he made this demand on them; but the country might demur very much.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, as though he were throwing out an item of news of trifling importance, announced on Thursday that the army corps organisation was to be discontinued. Apart from the merits of the change, which make too large a matter for discussion in a note, the manner and method of superseding Mr. Brodrick's work, which was carried out with the full concurrence and responsibility of Mr. Balfour and other members of the Government, leaves everything to be desired in the way of good taste and courtesy. To appease public clamour, which demanded a scapegoat, a slight, unparalleled in its inconsiderate offensiveness, has been put upon Mr. Brodrick. This instance of disloyalty to a colleague will not be lost on the public estimate of Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour will find that to throw a colleague to a country bent on a change of Government is a useless sop, nor can we say he will be entitled to any sympathy in the electioneering failure of the move. The new broom, we observe, the Army Council which is to put everything right is making an experiment in journalism. We dare say the public, always delighted with the new man, will see in the "Army Journal" a wondrous proof of administrative energy. That turn the journal will very possibly serve: it can hardly serve any other. Of all journalistic failures papers started under official auspices are proverbially the most abject. Obviously soldiers of reputation will prefer to send their letters to the "Times", where someone will read them, as they do now. The "Army Journal" will be the refuge of military nonentities, whose contributions paying editors do not think good enough for insertion.

Lord Kitchener has issued a long and important order to the Indian Army as to the conclusions generally which he has formed of its efficiency. The telegraphic reports are necessarily much condensed; and no doubt some of his statements are not so bald as they have been represented. Thus he is credited with telling the Indian Army that all its members require improved martial qualities—a dictum which would seem likely to give rise to much heart-burning. He condemns entirely the present distribution of troops and commands, which he maintains have grown up without plan or system. He also lays much stress on the necessity of an improved system of military education; and he hopes that much good may be achieved by the establishment of a Staff College in India. Altogether he seems to draw a somewhat lugubrious picture of the one British force which critics before him have generally considered as being eminently ready for war.

Lord Grenfell, who has recently been promoted to the rank of a full general, is apparently designated as the Duke of Connaught's successor in Ireland; and no better selection for the post could have been made. Nowadays it is often forgotten how important a part he, in conjunction with Sir Evelyn Wood, whom he succeeded as Sirdar, played in the reorganisation of the Egyptian army. Without in any way detracting from Lord Kitchener's admirable work in Egypt, we may say that he derived considerable benefit from the work of his two predecessors. Lord Grenfell is essentially a sound man, who has always gained the confidence of those who have served under him; and he possesses all the qualities, military and otherwise, to ensure success in the Irish command.

The Trade Returns for March, concluding the first quarter of 1904, ought to bring joy to the hearts of free fooders and members of the Cobden Club. They show a decrease in exports of over half a million on the quarter and of £800,000 on the month, and an

increase in imports of over £5,000,000 and £1,775,000 respectively. That we should go ahead in imports in this way and decline in exports will be taken as the most conclusive evidence of good business by the economic wiseacres. They will be convinced that we are getting an advantage on the turnover of some £6,000,000. From our point of view the increase in imports is serious when it is understood that the raw material of the cotton industry imported declined by £850,000. On the other hand the falling off in exports is worse than it appears because more coal to the value of £250,000 was sent out of the country in March 1904 than in March 1903. The decrease of £1,237,140 in the export of wholly or mainly manufactured articles is an item which, it is to be feared, reflects the general condition of trade: there is no decrease in the import of foreign manufactures.

We should not describe Sir William Hart Dyke as a hustler: and some people may take the view that Mr. Forbes' successor on the South-Eastern Railway ought to be the kind of man who "makes things hum". But Sir William has public spirit and a mind to call his own. True he belongs to a branch of Toryism that is rather old style now, but, while a safe man, he is by no means unable to move with the times. Mr. Forbes might have had a worse successor. Sir William Hart Dyke was one of the Tories squeezed out of office when Mr. Chamberlain insisted on bringing in a number of Liberal-Unionists. He took his ill luck with much dignity.

Most motorists probably would suppose that if the driver of say a traction engine were on the wrong side of the road, he would be guilty of negligence apart from anything else and would be responsible if there were a collision. But that is not the law. In a case heard by the Court of Appeal on Wednesday (Howard and Wife v. Chittenden and Simmons) the plaintiff, a motorist, signalled to a traction-engine driver to go to his proper side to let him pass. The driver proceeded to cross the road and to the motorist it seemed that there was only one truck behind whereas there were three. Consequently he only allowed for one and came into collision with the remainder. The motorist contended it was negligent in the driver to cross the road with three trucks because he must have known they would block the road and prevent the motor from passing. But the Appeal Court would not hear of this. The only question that remained was as to his being on the wrong side at first; and the Court said that though a jury might think this was conclusive, it was not imaginable that Mr. Justice Phillimore could have told them so. The plaintiff lost his case though he may count on gaining the sympathy of motorists, if that is any consolation.

We are growing rather tired of the Keltic temperament: it is over-done. It would be much fresher and more interesting to pose as a possessor of the Iberian or later Stone Age temperament: the antiquaries agree that there is an Iberian strain in some English people to-day, and in the South of England it is not uncommon to meet among the peasantry people the shape of whose head and the colour of whose hair closely resemble those of the Iberians found in the long barrows on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere. Unfortunately the Iberians left no language—the pushful Kelt was too much for them. Otherwise there are no doubt people who would try to speak it in the House of Commons or on the Bench. Mr. Mahony J.P. has the Keltic temperament to a very inconvenient degree: he has tried the Irish language so successfully that he has been awarded a whole Parliamentary paper. He is in the habit of signing his name officially in Irish, but the Irish Lord Chancellor declines to sanction the practice, and Mr. Mahony is therefore to abstain from sitting on the Bench till he promises to sign in English. The Lord Chancellor is perfectly right; though we are not clear that he gets the better of the argument. It does not perhaps greatly matter if in the House of Commons speeches are occasionally delivered in the languages of the Gael or the Brython; but it is a serious matter when fooling of this sort takes place on the Bench.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND: THE BALANCE OF PROFIT.

THE statement made by the Lord Chancellor at Tiverton, that by concluding the Anglo-French Agreement the Government had earned the undying gratitude of the country and ensured the peace of Europe, is not only absurdly hyperbolic but also a singular instance of the truth of Napoleon's aphorism as to the incapacity of the purely legal mind for dealing with great affairs. The conclusion of the agreement is indeed highly satisfactory in so far as it removes grounds of friction, but a more particular knowledge of its terms does not justify such extravagant enthusiasm as the Lord Chancellor's. From the point of view of "Weltpolitik" it is also pure nonsense to talk, as some newspapers have talked that should know better, of the two great democratic nations of the West inaugurating a new era. Neither must we from the British standpoint pretend that we give up nothing and get a great deal. On the international side it is only another arrangement similar to that made with Germany in 1890 by which we bartered Heligoland for Zanzibar, and to the partition of West Africa with France in 1898. It covers a wider area, that is all. But from our own particular standpoint it is impossible to avoid recognising in its terms a very palpable gain for France. That the gain is in the future rather than in the present does not make it any the less a gain. Lord Lansdowne seems to have limited his view to a few years, while M. Delcassé has extended his to decades. The effect of these negotiations has been to ease immediately the running of our colonial machine while we present France with an Empire.

We have no idea of minimising any substantial advantages derived from this settlement. The existence of the "French shore" has been a constant annoyance to ourselves and a source of considerable embarrassment in our relations with Newfoundland. Had that colony come into the Canadian Dominion, as was at one time possible, Canada would hardly have tolerated what a smaller community had perforce to endure, and we might have found ourselves at war with France about a trivial matter. Now we may expect to see a considerable advance made by our oldest and, for its resources, perhaps least developed colony. But it must be remembered that the blunders of Utrecht have not been entirely rectified by the diplomacy of the twentieth century. France still retains the right of fishing on the western shore of Newfoundland and retains the islands of S. Pierre and Miquelon which command the entrance to the Gulf of S. Lawrence. It will always remain one of the mysteries of history why this was not rectified at the Peace of Paris or the Treaty of Vienna when the French colonies were at our mercy, but we must not forget that the matter is still not fully settled. France yet retains some admirable material for bargaining in the Far West both with the United States and ourselves.

Here M. Delcassé has shown great wisdom and foresight. In the case of future disputes between England and the United States, disputes which many well-meaning people describe as "unthinkable" because they hold them undesirable, a threat on the part of France to dispose of these islands to Washington might lead us, under Canadian pressure, to pay a very large price for them indeed. If any of our readers are disposed to deem such a situation "unthinkable", we have only to refer them to Mr. Bradley's interesting article in our issue of last week where this very matter was alluded to, though not in connexion with the Anglo-French arrangement. There is no need, however, to criticise Lord Lansdowne severely for the concessions made in West Africa. We believe that the French shore is worth the price. Our "enclave" on the Gambia was a serious obstacle to the development of Senegal and the French Saharan Empire, nor were the Los Islands of any use to us except as a menace to French Guiana. Both these possessions were useful as makeweights in a bargain and as such they have been judiciously employed. We do not think we have given too much for the French shore, only it is well to remember that France still retains rights and pos-

sessions in North America which in less happy circumstances she might bring into play against us by threatening to deal with them as Napoleon did with Louisiana. Here France still reserves something for the future to our disadvantage for which we receive no adequate set-off and therefore she has so much to the good.

But the future advantage to France at our expense is far more notable in the provisions regarding Egypt and Morocco. Here again we have no desire to minimise anything we have secured in the bargain. We may also commend the ingenious document published on Tuesday in which Lord Lansdowne sets out the steps gained towards complete freedom from foreign interference in Egypt. It is no small gain to be released from the worry of French "pin-pricks" in our administration nor is there doubt that France will loyally co-operate with us in preventing the factious interference of other Powers. But France cannot effect much unless she takes Russia with her in her benevolent action and, as we have pointed out before, Russia naturally will not acquiesce in our obtaining a free hand to deal with Egyptian affairs unless we give something in return, and what that is must be a matter for separate bargaining with Russia. The agreement with France does not include an entire buying-off of Russian opposition. France abandons in Egypt nothing but the right to make herself disagreeable. Any serious power of injuring our rule in that country she did not possess nor was there the slightest prospect of her going to war to turn us out. After Fashoda all such notions vanished once for all. The financiers who, in the ultimate resort, have immense power in French affairs as well as the thousands of Egyptian bondholders in France are urgent that we should remain, and any real menace from France to our domination of Egypt did not exist. Therefore all France gives up in this question is the capacity to worry. The substantial advantages we receive are enumerated by Lord Lansdowne in his dispatch to our Ambassador in Paris—the readjustment of Egyptian revenue and the freeing of a large portion of it for application to purposes favourable to the development of that country. This advantage is substantial, but it does not make our establishment in Egypt securer or the certainty of our remaining there greater. We made it clear to Europe some years ago that nothing but a successful war would oust us and France accepted the position. Considering therefore our relative status in Egypt, French diplomacy has scored a great success in obtaining Morocco in exchange for a promise not to make herself obnoxious when she had already resolved not to fight.

No diplomatic phraseology conceals the fact that by this bargain France will become in time mistress of the African coast from the Algerian border to Cape Mogador. The process of assimilation will probably be long and costly but will ultimately be effected. France only dislikes the wars which may threaten her own territory and the French Government has no objection to expenditure which keeps ambitious officers at a distance from Paris, and leads to the creation of new posts large and small to stop the mouths of inconvenient deputies and their constituents. Morocco too is no Saharan tract consisting of "light land". The opportunities there for the development of a profitable trade are very considerable. During the last ten years English influence has tended to gain the upper hand and English trade has absorbed a great percentage of the whole. In 1902 out of total imports of £2,140,626, more than 50 per cent. (£1,224,136) were British and we took more than one-third of the total exports. With French influence French trade will increase at the expense of ours—witness the case of Tunis—and no convention for equal treatment will prevent it. Though we profess to balance the case of Egypt against Morocco they are not in *pari materia*. In Egypt we could not differentiate against French goods without dealing similarly with those of the rest of the world; and we also throw in the abandonment of our protests against the destruction of our trade in Madagascar which has followed on the French occupation. We also regret the galling reflection on Spanish weakness contained in the complete ignoring of her claims

on Morocco. Though it is concealed by ingenious phraseology the Spaniard has quickly and inevitably recognised the slight. The cavalier manner in which the two Great Powers dispose of an Empire in which Spain alone of European nations holds possessions cannot be an agreeable reminder of her impotence and her geographical position still gives the friendship of Spain great potential advantages.

Therefore we do not raise indiscriminate pæans of joy over this Agreement. Its ready acceptance is evidence of the overpowering desire for peace prevailing at present in this country. We do not desire in the least to minimise what is effected by it in removing constantly recurring causes of friction; but we see also that France has secured immense possibilities for the future. The desire for peace in France, even to-day, is far more powerful among all classes than in England. The French statesman had therefore stronger forces to induce him to surrender. Yet he has secured the greater future profit for his country.

THE TREND OF TRADE.

IT is impossible to take comfort from the figures issued by the Board of Trade last Saturday. Up to the very last optimists believed that the final months of the financial year would come to the rescue of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and enable him to present a Budget showing at the most a deficit of about £2,000,000, but that hope must now be given up. Neither the three months ending 31 March nor the month of March itself will bear comparison with the corresponding periods of last year. Imports for the three months stand at £138,900,038, an increase of £5,281,043 or 3·95 per cent., and for the month of March itself the figures are £48,692,275; an increase of £1,775,751 or 3·78 per cent. Exports stand at £24,251,796 for March and £72,229,974 for the three months, being a decline of 3·41 and 0·76 per cent. respectively. The figures thus stated convey little to the man in the street, and there may be some politicians discoverable to whom the increase of imports and the decrease of exports are really a cause for rejoicing. But a close analysis of the figures may cause the most optimistic of free traders to reflect. It is true that our exports have recently been showing an upward tendency; and it is also true that the actual decline either for March or for the three months is but small, but when we come to examine the details of the increase in imports and the decrease in exports we are brought face to face with the indisputable fact, that we are more and more importing the articles we would rather export and exporting the raw materials which we prefer to retain.

Recently the Board of Trade has exhibited a praiseworthy desire to make its statistics intelligible and systematic, and has adopted the fourfold division of 1. Articles of food, drink and tobacco. 2. Raw materials and articles mainly unmanufactured. 3. Articles wholly or mainly manufactured and 4. Miscellaneous and unclassified (including parcel post). Of necessity the determination of the class into which an article shall fall is at times arbitrary, but the arrangement enables us to form a fair idea of the course of our foreign trade. Speaking generally the imports under class 1 will tend to rise in quantity and value yearly so long as England remains a manufacturing country, but we can still take an interest in the source from which our food supply comes. It is significant that, although the wheat imported in March is less in quantity by 36,351 cwts. the value has increased by £43,327 on the corresponding period of last year. The decline in quantity is put down to decreased shipments from the United States. Although the registration duty was taken off last April by Mr. Ritchie, the tendency of wheat to rise in price has continued and will continue from obvious causes. To counterbalance the rise in the price of wheat, the price of butter has fallen, although the quantity and the value of the butter imported has increased. Those interested in the butter trade say that it is fifteen years since butter was so low in price, and they

assert that the cause is to be found in the heavy shrinkage of wages in Lancashire. A remarkable phenomenon has been the recent heavy shipments of butter from Australia. The drought has at last broken, and there are indications that Australia will rival Canada as the dairy of the Empire, a possibility that may have as great an effect on the fiscal controversy as Canada's wheatlands have already had.

But although we can look with equanimity on the figures for food and drink, the rest of the import statistics are not cheerful reading. The most important raw material which we must procure from abroad is cotton, and there has been a shrinkage of £840,635, the figures for March 1904 standing at £4,079,424. For the three months there has been a slight increase, but the amount of American cotton imported is lower than in either of the two previous years. The decline has been from 4,940,573 cwts. in 1902 to 4,559,785 cwts. in 1903 and 3,288,034 cwts. in 1904. The increase for the three months of this year is the result of increased importation of Egyptian and British East Indian cotton. Written in figures the information does not reveal very much but the meaning can be found in the closing of Lancashire mills and the "clemming" of the operatives. Mr. Sully is defeated but the imports from Egypt, the British East Indies, and elsewhere will need to be increased to an even greater extent if we are to escape a third year of famine in Lancashire. In March 1904 the arrivals of raw cotton from the United States were only 738,546 cwts. as against 1,479,788 cwts. in the previous year, and the price has not yet decisively fallen. Flax and hemp do not play so important a part in our industrial life as cotton or wool, but in March we received £204,000 less flax and £90,000 less hemp than in the corresponding period last year. Jute and petroleum show increases, that of the latter being excessively large. There has been also a distinct fall in the quantity and value of the wool imported both for March and for the three months.

While we are failing to secure the raw material necessary to sustain our own manufactures, we find little to comfort us in the figures for the imports of articles wholly or mainly manufactured. There is a decrease shown under the heading of cutlery, hardware implements and instruments both for the month and for the three months, but machinery shows an increase of £92,950 to £491,491, and there are also large increases under the heads of "apparel", "chemicals", and most of the various "manufactures". Competition in cotton yarns and textiles has been checked by the fact that both the Lancashire spinners and their Continental rivals have been unable to obtain sufficient raw material. Taking together the items of Class 3, "articles wholly or mainly manufactured", we find that there has been an increase for the month of £267,157 and for the three months a decrease of £783,392, the figures standing at £12,797,335 and £33,363,564 respectively. The origin and growth of some of these imports are a fit object for the Chancellor's attention when he tries to balance his Budget. The increased values of imported wool textile fabrics and apparel are especially noteworthy.

Neither exports nor imports in themselves can be condemned or praised as a loss or gain, but when a manufacturing country like England imports manufactures and exports raw materials to pay for them, all the economic sophistries in the world fail to persuade the practical man that such a situation is to be regarded complacently. In the latest returns the decline in our exports is not very marked, being only £856,398 for the month and £557,292 for the three months, the totals standing at £24,251,796 and £72,229,974 respectively, but the small decline is due to the increased value of the articles under the headings "food drink and tobacco" and "raw materials and articles mainly unmanufactured". Articles "wholly or mainly unmanufactured" show a decrease of £1,237,140. It is significant that the increases are especially prominent under the headings of spirits and coal. Despite the coal-tax, the increase of the coal exported in March was £241,658, the total being £2,394,181, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain told a recent deputation that the

year just closed saw the largest export of coal known.

When we come to examine the figures for our staple trades the result is far different. Shipments of pig-iron to the United States showed a heavy fall in comparison with March 1903, and we shipped considerably less steel ingots and bars both as to quantity and value. South Africa and Australia proved poor customers for steel rails this year, but perhaps that was only natural. Altogether our iron and steel manufactures decreased in value by £486,228, and this decline was common to all our metal manufactures. Of course the almost universal commercial depression may account for these decreased exports in some measure, but the absence of a safe market prevents our manufacturers from running their machinery at full speed and so decreasing the cost of the individual article. We can no longer boast of superior workmanship and plant as before and our only resource is to secure safe markets for our goods, preferably in the colonies.

As might be expected cotton yarn and textiles are in a bad way. We import less cotton of necessity and therefore cannot keep up our supply of yarn and textiles for export. It is significant of the price of raw cotton that although we exported 2,153,200 lbs. less yarn, the value was £9,004 higher. Cotton piece goods decreased in quantity by 48,658,200 yards and in value by £66,120, that is 10 and 1·3 per cent. respectively for the month, but the decline has been fairly steady for some time past. The United States, British South Africa, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Japan and India have all taken less than in March 1903, but the demand from Belgium, China and Venezuela increased. However, little improvement can be expected in the exports of cotton yarn and textiles until an increased supply of raw cotton is secured. Woollen yarn and textiles have not suffered so much as the sister industry, and with the break up of the Australian drought we may hope for cheaper raw wool. It is important however to refer to the large decrease in the export of apparel and slops, in consequence of which the workpeople in the huge clothing factories of Leeds and other West Riding towns have been passing through an ordeal not unlike that of the cotton operatives. The cause is put down to the failure of the "shipping" trade, which had its chief market in South Africa, and shared in the general depression there.

In the minor industries the chemical trade has experienced an increased demand for sulphate of copper and for soda compounds, but the heading "Leather, Boots and Shoes" shows a fall of £51,741. Taken together Class 3 "articles wholly or mainly manufactured" provides melancholy reading. Almost every item shows a decline not only for the month but also for the three months.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has to provide for a large deficit, and the question arises how he can raise additional revenue when trade is in such a state of stagnation. On the one hand the miners ask to be relieved of the shilling export duty which has apparently had no deleterious effect, and according to the British Consul at Nantes is certainly paid there by the French. On the other hand eager tariff reformers are urging Mr. Austen Chamberlain to reimpose the corn duty, while teetotalers cry out for an increased duty and excise on intoxicating liquors. The fact is that our fiscal system has absolutely broken down when really put to the test. In the good old days of Gladstonian and free-trade Budgets an extra sixpence or shilling on beer or wine solved all difficulties, but now about 36 per cent. of the revenue is derived from the drink traffic as compared with 20 per cent. in France and Germany, and that branch of the revenue is no longer elastic. Taxes on ground values, increased death duties, graduated income-tax are all useless because only partial and class remedies, and the so-called revenue taxes on sugar, tea, dried fruits are no longer to be depended upon. Probably the heavy fall in the receipts from the tea duty and the decline in the imports of refined sugar have largely contributed to the present Budget deficit. It is necessary to widen the basis of taxation, and to disregard all talk about the evils of protective duties. Petroleum is a tempting object for a duty as it is nearly all landed at the Port of

London, and its increased use should make it a remunerative tax, to say nothing of the value of such a tax to Scottish and perhaps Canadian wells. To petroleum we might add wheat and other colonial products, and the various kinds of manufactured goods that now compete in the home market. A low duty imposed on all imports competing either with British or colonial products would at once provide sufficient revenue and also the means to give a colonial preference, while at the same time it would discourage smuggling. It is impossible and undesirable to exclude all foreign products, but with high skill and ingenious machinery the margin between profit and loss is very small indeed, and even a slight duty would be useful.

THE MILITARY DEADLOCK.

THE existing organisation of the War Office has been destroyed by the drastic recommendations of the Esher Committee; and in some cases nothing but chaos remains. It is then especially important that matters should be regularised with the least possible delay. The inevitable state of disorganisation during a transition period is dangerous in the extreme in the case of military affairs: and, whether for better or worse, it is to be hoped that we shall soon know the outcome of the various recommendations and proposals put forward by the committee. Throughout we have not concealed our dislike of the first part of the scheme which, exceeding the terms of reference, dealt with the reorganisation generally of the military system; and proposed a new and clumsy plan of distributing the army, under which peace and war conditions could not be properly assimilated. At the same time we are more or less in agreement with the committee in their plan for reconstructing the War Office itself. Though not approving entirely of the new proposals, we feel that a settled plan is better than none; but we trust that the Government and the Army Council will not follow the example of the reconstitution committee, and commit themselves hastily to ill-considered innovations. There has certainly been time to fill up those posts at the War Office which are practically removed from the sphere of contention; yet this has not in all cases been done. The supreme military chiefs have been sent about their business; and others, whose special competence to replace their predecessors with more satisfactory results is at least open to question, have been installed in their places. But this only touches the fringe of the question, and is not likely to lead to any surprising, if to any satisfactory, results. Perhaps the authorities hardly realise with what interest their proceedings are being followed. Grave dissatisfaction will ensue, unless matters are soon placed on a settled basis.

Chief amongst the questions demanding attention is military education. That work is now placed under the Director of staff duties who, as regards education, virtually replaces the short-lived Director of military education and training. This question can hardly be considered a new one; and, except that training and education—contrary to the recommendations of a much more authoritative commission than Lord Esher's—are once more to be divorced, no new line of policy has been advocated. Yet what has happened? Sir Henry Hildyard has been removed to another sphere of activity; and his educational staff have in the main been relegated to other duties. There has consequently been no continuity; and the work of this most important branch is now presided over by a comparatively junior officer, who cannot possibly carry the requisite weight. The inconvenience caused is necessarily great. For instance we understand that the advisory board of military education—which includes educational experts like the Provost of King's and the Headmaster of Eton—has not met for at least three months; and the business of the department generally is at a standstill. Therefore it is particularly urgent that an officer of sufficient weight and prestige, and endowed with the requisite intellectual qualifications to preside over a committee of educational experts, should at once be appointed. The importance

of the subject has recently been emphasised by the order which Lord Kitchener has issued to the Indian army. It is not as if no qualified officer were at present available. Sir Reginald Hart possesses unequalled qualifications for the post. He is well known as having reorganised military education in India with no little success, though perhaps not altogether on popular lines. We can see no reason why he should not be chosen; and, as he is now in England, his services would at once be available. Still, while Sir Reginald Hart seems ideally fitted for the post, we would urge that someone who would carry sufficient weight, even if not he, should at once be nominated. We can see no reason why, if two of the three directors who are to be grouped under the chief of the general staff, have already been selected, the same course should not be adopted as regards the third. We greatly fear that it only shows that the War Office authorities can never be induced to realise the importance of the subject. It is true that, after the issue of the Education Commission's report, something was done. A Director of military education was created, a strong advisory board was constituted, and Sandhurst, amongst other institutions, was reorganised on sounder principles—although the latter can hardly yet be considered as completely desirable. A retrograde step was taken when Sir Henry Rawlinson, an officer lacking in the intellectual qualifications necessary, was made commandant of the Staff College. Still under the late educational régime some progress was made; and it seems a lamentable pity that matters should once more be permitted to lapse into their former unsatisfactory state.

Then there is the creation of a general staff. There can be no doubt that this recommendation of the committee was sound; and it is one which has long been advocated by Sir William Nicholson, the late director-general of mobilisation and intelligence. But if the members of the general staff are to be placed on a pedestal above all other staff officers, steps must be taken to ensure that none but those best fitted for such work are selected in future. Is this being done? A general staff cannot be created by simply saying that those who happen at the moment to be manning the departments grouped under the Chief of the general staff, stiffened by recruits obtained in the ordinary way from the Staff College and elsewhere, are to constitute such a body. Much more is undoubtedly required. We do not advocate that a wholesale clearance should be effected in the personnel of the departments concerned on the plan pursued, with somewhat doubtful advantage, in the case of the military chiefs. But the greatest care should in future be taken as regards the selection of new hands. It is doubtful whether the new plan of allowing each member of the Army Council to select his own staff is altogether wise, or conducive to fairness and to the highest efficiency. On the contrary we fear that it is only too likely to result in the selection of men who happen to be known to the chiefs themselves. It could hardly be otherwise. No machinery, outside a central selection board, could weigh adequately the qualifications of the various candidates. It would have been more satisfactory if this duty had devolved on the Army Council as a whole, assisted possibly by a selection board. In any case greater care than is at present apparent should be taken in selection of officers who are to constitute the general staff, if that body is really to obtain the respect of the army and to occupy the authoritative position which it does in other countries, and which it should certainly occupy here.

THE HISTORIC ROAD TO ANNEXATION.

THE agreement between the British and French Governments regarding their positions in Egypt and Morocco brings into prominence the persistent working of one of the best established historic laws as to the growth of empire. Whenever a great power has established such a status as the agreement recognises towards another power, weak through never having attained a civilisation or from having started on

the downward career to decadence, that has never been the last word between them. There has remained one other step to be taken: the incorporation in fact into the direct imperial government of the protecting power; and it has always been taken in the end. Both ancient and modern history are full of instances illustrating what appears to be as obvious and undeniable a law of the growth of communities as any that human affairs present. The negotiators of the agreement are quite well aware that it is only a temporary stage towards a goal which is quite apparent and sure to be reached in time. Its significance is that by making it they admit their practical acquiescence in the weaker power being ultimately absorbed into the empire of the greater. Until they reach this point rival powers such as England and France have not yet made up their minds to accept each other's conquests without fighting. When they have got so far they have taken an irretrievable step; and they can only expect a development which will be long or short according to circumstances, but can no longer be resisted. The privileged State will simply have to wait until the fruit becomes sufficiently ripe to drop into its mouth with the minimum of effort. It will wait perhaps until the dynasty which existed when its influence in the country was recognised has been deposed in the anarchy caused by usurpers or rival parties, or has become extinct and a new native dynasty is impossible. There are the relations of the protected State with outside States for which the protecting State becomes responsible; and at any moment it may become necessary to put an end to the distinction between the nominal and the real power which the agreement has artificially created. In a proximity which is amusing in the sense displayed of the difficulties inherent in the situation, and the attempt to disguise them, we find such phrases as the following in the agreement concerning Morocco. The Government of the French Republic in one phrase declares that it has not the intention of changing the political state of Morocco. In the next what France takes upon herself to do is to watch over the tranquillity of the vast area of Morocco, and to lend it her assistance for all administrative, economic, financial, and military reforms which it requires. It is quite characteristic of such a position that the "protected" party, as Mr. Balfour has informed us, has not been consulted. What all historic precedent shows is that the expressed intention will disappear in the implicit difficulties of the situation itself. *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées; in future il n'y aura plus de Maroc.* France, in the contingencies which are sure to arise, will be the sole judge when the emptiness of a phrase shall be superseded by the exigencies of circumstances, and a new province or colony will be added to her empire.

The method of annexation by interference in the domestic concerns of a country whose destiny it is to be absorbed has changed in recent times but the principle is eternal. Direct wars of conquest are out of date, on account of the long established balance of power between the great Western nations, and perhaps also because there is a moral or Christian restraint which is some check on raids made in sheer lust of seizing territory. But even in a less complicated political state than that of the modern international system the method of internal intervention has often been preferred to direct conquest. Rome, after an earlier stage of direct annexation by victories, preferred the more insidious but equally efficacious plan of extension by the exercise of her political power in the domestic concerns of her neighbours. It was less expensive and made subsequent government more easy when a status had been previously established by intrigue and the systematic weakening of all influences capable of offering resistance. There appears to be a period in the career of an expanding power when it gets frightened at its extension of territory, and especially dislikes going to war with the avowed purpose of expanding its limits. It protests against its apparent destiny; and it submits to it by applying the lessons of Roman statecraft and avoiding as far as possible direct conquest. In this respect as in so many others our dealings with India present the closest analogy to those of Rome with surrounding nations. Russia has pursued the same tactics in dealing with the

Asiatic nations who lay in her path to the East; and because Russia encountered a rival in Japan who understood and determined to resist by force of arms a policy which she herself was practising successfully with similar aims, we are now watching the development of one of the most momentous wars of modern times. England's position in Egypt has been resented by the European nations, and their suspicion has been based on multi-form experience collected from every epoch of history. The especial jealousy of France however has not proved so irreconcilable as Japanese jealousy of Russia: and we have in the new agreement a "deal" which introduces us to a variation in the working of the world-old principle of extending sovereignty over others not by arms, but by politic insinuation and intrusion into actual control of the affairs and finance of doomed nations, who are too weak and disorganised either by corruption or anarchy to resist the aggression. We have not now one indisputably superior power who can march over the world as Rome did, and extend her empire at her will over barbarous or decadent nations by force or guile as her own policy suggests. Our grouping of European nations into the great powers implies the limitation of the aggressiveness in either mode of each by the other. England in India, and Russia in Asia, have worked under conditions more closely resembling those of Rome. Afghanistan and Persia however each owes whatever independence it has retained to the emulation of the two rivals in checking the insidious advances to which both these nations would have succumbed if either England or Russia had been the only great conquering European power in the Far East. In such cases as this, where the method of the "deal" is impossible, the position of the threatened nation remains indefinitely in statu until the predominance of the rival powers between themselves is determined as it is now in process of being between Russia and Japan. Russia, who has shown herself one of the most expert exponents of the art of interference as a preliminary to direct rule, seemed about to achieve its most recent modern triumph with the annexation of Manchuria and the control of Korea, until Japan arose to try to frustrate a policy whose success was not doubtful unless it was opposed by arms. The passive attitude of the Western Powers may have been a mistake in this particular instance; but the tendency now to admit that weaker nations must fall within the natural spheres of influence of some more virile and civilised nation had probably a good deal to do with it.

The distribution of the Eastern, Central and Western portions of Africa amongst the European Powers by mutual arrangement is a remarkable illustration of this tendency; and so far as Great Britain and France are concerned they carry the process a step further by their agreement as regards Egypt and Morocco. Direct annexation is therefore no longer the chief ground of title in the establishment of empire over peoples who from whatever cause are not able to maintain an independent position in the world. Supremacy is acknowledged without contest on the theory of a sphere of influence; and within the sphere itself the protecting power is left free to adopt, and does adopt as far as possible, the method of extending its influence by all other means than actual conquest by arms. Its immediate object is attained when it has established itself sufficiently to keep the peace and develop trade for its own advantage under its national flag. The degree of success depends on the genius of each people for practising the gentle art of acquiring control by interference in the affairs of the natives, and substituting judiciously their control by its own. In this way the various tentative governments may be superseded, and a protectorate be turned into a direct imperial possession as in the cases of Nigeria, Madagascar and Tongking. This conversion has not gone far as yet in the African protectorates, but it is in the natural course of things. Where, as in the case of Morocco, it will increase the military and naval resources, or the strategic value of the position, of the protecting state relatively to its European rivals, the balance of power among the States will be altered. This is the real importance of the Anglo-French agreement; and it thus raises questions

of wider range than the controversy between the press of the two countries as to which of them has obtained the more valuable concessions.

THE SENSITIVE.

NO one, we may well suppose, who could have his choice of temperament or disposition, viewing the conditions under which he must somehow live to-day, would wish to have been born sensitive. In a world where we must needs stand buffet among friends and enemies a capacity for acuter feeling than that possessed by one's fellows would seem certainly undesirable. It can but render the possessor vulnerable on every side, accessible to pain at every point. To the "thick-skinned" people the mind of the "sensitive", to adopt an expressive term from the jargon of so-called Spiritualism, is absolutely impenetrable. They hold no key by which they can unlock the secret chambers of his mind. Hence their bewilderment which finds expression in contemptuous pity or intolerable toleration.

Sensitiveness, indeed, exists very frequently where it is least suspected. It seeks to conceal itself under various guises. Cynicism, flippancy, arrogance are some of the cloaks which men assume to hide their quivering susceptibilities from the probing eyes of the world. The monk's habit affords the most appropriate refuge for those who seek to escape from the horrors of life. But to all is not given the vocation or desire. In many, if not most of the sensitive exists a passionate love of life for its own sake. They would not escape from it if they could. Like the woman who clings closer to the lover who hurts her, they clutch at life, unwilling to yield up one highly coloured moment, albeit they know that the lasting pain must far outweigh the fleeting pleasure. For the sensitive aware as he is of the "great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world" is no less alive to the beauty, the glamour and the strangeness of quite common things. "The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of ships, of the peep of day, of the open ocean, calls up in his mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures" to which other men are strangers. But he cannot approach life without being hurt. Little things rankle in his mind and will not be banished which a man of coarser fibre would not feel at all or would accept with a shrug of complacency. It is not so much the ridicule of his fellows that he fears—their praise or blame may be a matter of indifference to him—but it is the jarring note they sound that disturbs him. He cannot accept life at their estimate, nor can he bring his ideals into conformity with their views. "Given"—wrote Walter Pater—"given faultless men and women, given a perfect state of society which should have no need to practise on men's susceptibilities for its own selfish ends, adding one turn more to the wheel of the great rack for its own interest or amusement, there would still be this evil in the world, of a certain necessary sorrow and desolation, felt just in proportion to the moral, or nervous, perfection, men have attained to. And what we need in the world over against that is a certain permanent and general power of compassion—humanity's standing force of self-pity—as an elementary ingredient of our social atmosphere."

But it must not be supposed that the sensitive passes his time in regarding wistfully his own place in the world or brooding on life's desolation. It is far otherwise. Sensitiveness is a vital factor of the creative energy, and your true sensitive is always, in some sense, a creator. The artist is one whose sensitiveness is abnormally developed in some direction. He has made for himself an atmosphere in which he can live. In the world as it exists, he is an abnormal product. In the world of art, as he has created it, sensitiveness is the normal condition. Here he can "realise" himself in safety. Here the assuaging balm of sympathy is applied to his wounded feelings. It is this consciousness of "another world" altogether fairer than that we see, which gives to the artist that air of aloofness which baffles and enrages the uninitiated. To the rest of the world the sensitive is a

constant source of surprise. Who knows to what heights of heroism and endurance he may rise albeit he shrinks so visibly from the mere sight of suffering and winces at the thought of pain? From the ranks of the sensitive have come the doers of the great unexpected deeds. Once touch his sympathy and the considerations which have weight with other men will be thrown to the winds. He will go through with the enterprise at all hazards.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

THE BISHOP'S CHANCELLOR : UNREFORMED.

THE episcopal Letters Patent, that nowadays call him to his estate, flatter him with the titles of Official Principal and Vicar General. As Official Principal, 'tis said he gives the Law in the Bishop's Court (alias the Consistory); as Vicar General, 'tis assumed he exercises what the theologians humorously term a gratiose jurisdiction, meaning thereby inter alia such unpleasant matters as the inspection of your morals and the exaction from you of fees.

In truth however the bisection of this our worshipful friend, the Doctor of the Consistory, is a metaphysical refinement of later-day canonists.* In the ordinary diocese he has in general been a one and indivisible entity—the keeper always of the seal, too often of the conscience of the overseer of the Christian flock. In every age he has posed as the gentleman help in the legal line of the Bishop; in every age he has exhibited not a few of the faults and failings of the gentleman's gentleman. We first meet him in the days when old Theobald still sits on the throne of St. Augustine, and Thomas Becket is something in the nature of the King's Lord High Chancellor. Our friend is back from the University of Bologna, and is terrifying the old Archdeacons (who have learned what little they know of the Law of Holy Church from the theological faculty of Paris) with his "sesquipedalia verba" his "liberales artes" and his chatter about Justinian's Codex and Gratian's Decretum. The Bishop, who, to tell the truth, knows more of the Curia Regis and tallages than of either the old Codex of Justinian, or the Monk Gratian's new Concordance of the Canons, is also a trifle dumfounded at the Bolognese prodigy. However he feels that the young man has it in him to restore to the episcopal order something of the jurisdictions and fees that Mr. Archdeacon has usurped; so he names him his official and sets him in the Consistory to put in execution the laws of Holy Church, as expounded by the doctors of Bologna.

Never swept a new broom cleaner, and it is not long ere Mister Archdeacon discovers that Consistorial justice is more in demand than the Archidiaconal article, and raises his aged voice in querulous protest against this young viper, the official of iniquity. "To-day" he wails "an Archdeacon goeth alone to the Synod, or with very few to bear him company. But the official like the dragon that fell from Heaven draws with him the third part of the stars, to wit the rural deans and clergy". Pope, councils, and bishops however take a different view of matters, and ere long our friend blossoms forth into an ecclesiastical ordinary, and the Consistory Court becomes a terrible reality in every diocese in the land. Its normal seat is in the Bishop's palace; occasionally it is housed in a chapel of the Cathedral Church, though our Chancellor is seldom a persona grata to the monks or canons of our Cathedral convents or chapters. At fixed seasons this Court will go on an ecclesiastical circuit through the diocese.

If for your soul's good, it should be your lot to be

* Bishop Gibson, as is well known, considers the offices of Vicar General and Official Principal to be distinct. Recent research has however shown that originally the Official Principal performed the duties subsequently supposed peculiar to the Vicar General. With regard to the Archiepiscopal officials (with whom we are not here concerned) the distinction exists in practice, the Vicar General of the Province of Canterbury being a different person from the Dean of Arches. The Diocesan Bishops might well here follow the provincial example. Should they ever do so, the Vicar General should as Gibson suggested be a cleric.

cited before the said consistory you will generally face Mr. Chancellor on the judgment seat; sometimes however the Bishop and himself will consider your soul's state together; rarely does the Bishop preside alone (for so long as merry and orthodox England requires no inquisition into the heretical evil, My Lord may safely leave his official a free hand as to his flock and mind the King's business). The worshipful official's dress is only the ordinary clerical garb (Popes and Councils insist that he must be a clerk and unmarried); but there is a brave array of folks in court, the assessors, the sealer, the receptor actuum, the registrar (in the later middle age perchance a promoter alias an episcopal prosecutor) clamorous advocates, proctors, apparitors, and without an evil-looking collection of garçons or garchones, who seem to be watching the horses but in truth are there to requisition silver pieces from the sinners who pass within. And the worse the reputation of the Chancellor the greater the flock of garchones.

Ah! in these knightly years there are fine pickings for the Church lawyer. Mr. Chancellor reads the law on Wills and administration, on marriage and matrimonial quarrels, on subtraction of tithes, and defamation, on perjury and witchcraft. Indeed, over nearly all your duties to your neighbour and yourself our doctor takes cognisance. To give him his due he is in these days leading you to a higher civilisation! Allowing for the times, his corporal penances are trifles in comparison with the mutilations that the royal judges may inflict on you; and for his procedure, a *litis contestatio* is more consistent with the habits of refined society than a trial by battle, and even the *ex officio* oath that he puts to you as to your guilt or innocence and his subsequent inquisition is far less troublesome than would be the ordeal. In his Court too at least there is equality between lord and serf, man and woman. Indeed if Parliament had let him alone, our womankind would have got the Married Women's Property Act in the days of the Planagenets.

Any way in these days the man in the street is with the Consistory Court, provided that its pleas aim only at the amendment of the sinner's soul by the punishment of the sinner's body; he only shows suspicion when Mr. Chancellor shows a disposition to commute bodily penance for red gold. Auri sacra fames is at present our doctor's chief weakness. His other drawback is a somewhat insolent manner. As however he is removable at an episcopal nod he sticks fairly to his business and books. Much to his credit is it that he keeps well abreast with the torrent of law that flows from Rome, Decretals, Sext, Clementines and Extravagants, and the numberless glosses thereon. The judicial Mirror and the Golden Repertory are in his library; and Oxford doctors in Canon Law are now practising in his Court.

However by the early days of the third Edward he has ceased to give satisfaction. Indeed, if the truth must be told, he has grown almost as unpopular as the Sumner, who serves his citations. The one English canonist of the day John de Athon (he was Canon of Lincoln and pupil of Archbishop Stratford, himself an old Dean of Arches) curiously imagines that the word official (*per antiphrasin*) may be connected with the verb *noceo* and says in a book often to be cited in Consistory Courts, that the Chancellor of to-day is in fact a noxious person; but whether this sad fact arises from the natural malice of the Chancellorial heart or is attributable to the dissimulation of the episcopal superior he charitably leaves in doubt. Moreover Archbishop Stratford's own Constitutions put our friend in a shockingly unpleasant light.

It would seem that when his circuit ride takes him to some far-away hamlet in the forest land, if the poor parson of the waste provides not him and his cavalcade with venison haunch and red wine of Bordeaux, he cites the wretched clergyman on some faked-up charge before Consistory. The Archbishop constitutes that for the future the Consistory when on its perambulations shall fix its trysting place, where provisions may be reasonably obtained; and to check the offensive garçons, he limits the cavalry force of each diocese to a single mounted Apparitor. But Archiepiscopal Constitutions, that bring no gold to the purses of

episcopal underlings, have a curious way of falling into oblivion. The golden days of Cressy and Poitiers, the scourge of the black death leave Chancellor and Sumner free to carry on the game of extortion and oppression for another forty years. But now the land, cursed with a child to rule over it, bankrupt at home, baffled abroad, growls ominously at the Churchmen's misdeeds.

Not a man is there so poor that he will give the riding Apparitor good morrow, as he gallops through the village street, his wallet stuffed with citations. Even mediæval Hodge as he strolls by the Consistory Court sings

"For whoso shall prove a testament,
That is not all worth ten pound
He shall pay for the parchment,
A third of the money all round".

And then he goes on to tell his comrade that "in these days the poor alone are punished in that Court Christian by the open penance on body as fasting, or shameful beating. No lord or lady mindeth to be cursed for their sins in the Consistory. He or she has but to present a cope to Chancellor, and a coat to each of his clerks: and absolution is forthwith given. Surely Master John Wycliffe is not so far out of it, when he says that "the Chancellor keeps an open Anti-Christ's Court".

Impertinences of this kind Chancellor tells Bishop must be restrained by the canonical methods prescribed in the Sext, and these perpetual night and day babblings of the Bible call for the incineration of some of the ranters' bodies.

But to do this they must get fresh laws. These they get and Chancellor takes his revenge in plying these obstinate heretics for a century or so with subtle questions and in the delivery of such of them as are incorrigible to the secular arm. For the rest he is busy reading the swan song of the English Canon Lawyer, the Provinciale of the Dean of Arches, William Lyndwood (who has long stood head and shoulders above the other English doctors, and has the other day so gloriously expelled the heretical depravity from the halls of Oxford), and correcting *pro salute animæ* the dabbler in the black art, the scold, the profaner of fast-days, and the naughty parishioner, who pays not his dues to his parish clerk, or lies in bed on Sunday in lieu of going to Mattins. He still exacts great fees and rewards for the Probates of wills; and firmly insists that it is commendable and allowable in certain cases to punish by the purse and preserve the fair fame of the sinner.

The Commons however may remain "inquieted, disturbed, vexed, troubled and put to excessive and importable charges", provided our Doctor of the Consistory and his brethren may unloose the knot that has been tied too tight between bluff Hal and sweet Kate. But when the Doctors fail to bend the Papal law and the Papal court to his Grace's will, his Grace brings down his mailed fist on the Courts Christian.

"Down came the storm; in ruins fell
The worn-out world we knew,
It passed the elemental swell,
Again appeared the blue."

A BOURGEOIS FRENCH MUSICIAN.

IF England can boast of her Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, France has always her Georges Ohnet. I have beguiled part of a stormy day reading one of this gentleman's productions. While the wind shrieked and roared and the rain dripped from trees and roofs, I was far away, amongst the young composers of Paris and the American millionaires who try to work the dear darlings harm. Now a cold, wet rain—the wettest rain I have ever known—is being angrily splashed against the windows; and I cannot help thinking that it would do Mr. Ohnet a world of good to be held out in it for half an hour. Not that he is afflicted with the fever of his English co-equals. If he has no sense of style, no imagination, no grip of the actual facts of life, he has at least none of

Miss Corelli's kitchenmaid passion for putting unimportant words in italics, none of Mr. Caine's tourist craze for quoting unimportant foreign words from Baedeker. If he does not write like a man of letters, neither does he write like a washerwoman or an ex-schoolboy who has just made his first trip abroad. But while I was reading Mr. Ohnet's "*Le Chemin de la Gloire*", I was constantly reprieved of his English equivalents. Like them he lives to a large extent by flattering his public. I do not say that Mr. Caine and Miss Corelli set out with the express purpose of flattering their public: I do say without fear of contradiction that by accident or otherwise they succeed in doing it. Mr. Ohnet does the same. How sweet in the ears of the English scullery-girl is it to hear that English *Society* (sic) is rotten at the core; how pleasant it is for an English illiterate to read foreign words (chiefly Italian) with the English translation in brackets behind. Great are the ways of book-making. We have another novelist who flatters his readers. Sir A. Conan Doyle could not possibly have been amongst the best writers of fiction; he was born under the influence of stars that debarred him in advance from ever taking a place beside Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray or Jane Austen. He might have gained a position a little lower than R. L. Stevenson's. But he chose otherwise; and by cheap detective stories and by telling us of English bravery, manhood and morality found his way to the mighty heart of this nation. Arriving in the bosom of my family one evening I found that all had been engaged in reading "*Sherlock Holmes*". "Hold up your right foot" said a lady present. "Ah! I'm not clever like Sherlock Holmes, but I'm certain you came either by train, omnibus or cab, or you walked." And she added "I'll tell you another thing: either you've dined or you hav'n't". The great English heart loves this kind of thing, loves to think itself preternaturally clever and penetrating. Poe, with his diabolical ingenuity, does not interest them half so much. But better than cheap detective stories is cheap patriotism. Such a story as "*The White Company*" is dear to the English. Its pseudo-archaic language, its empty deeds of derring-do, bring general applause and a knighthood; and, for my part, I am strongly of opinion that the occasion should not be missed and that for once a popular man should have his monument erected in his own lifetime before he is forgotten. A monument to Sir A. Conan Doyle would consist of a very tall pedestal, and on the summit a bust of Sir Walter Scott, in pewter.

If I have dwelt for a moment on this point, it is to mark the difference between the English and the French novelist, the French and English views of life. Octave Mirbeau, for instance, has made his way largely by sheer dirt. Others have made their various ways by careful attention to the glorification of French heroism. None that I have ever read has glorified regularity and punctuality (as Dickens did) and made his heroes models for clerks on the Stock Exchange. Such characters as Nicholas Nickleby and David Copperfield are absolutely impossible in French fiction. Yet the Frenchman has his weakness as well as the Englishman. If he does not believe, like Nero, that he is an artist, he always wants to be an artist. He firmly believes himself to belong to a nation of artists, to the most artistic nation in the world. He will plainly tell you so. But, nota bene, the ordinary French bourgeois, if he thinks it a fine thing to be a great artist, it is not for the sake of being a great artist but for the sake of *la gloire* that attaches, the lionising, the decorations and all that. Hence when Mr. Ohnet sets out to flatter his readers in this book he gives us a hero whose ambition is to get an opera produced at the Grand Opéra. There you have the essence of the French character. The Opéra, the established institution, be it good or bad—that is the thing! The French can and will never have a Wagner who will scornfully set established institutions at defiance. Any potential Wagner will eat his heart out and die of trying to get his work produced at the Opéra. Why, there is the Académie—another established institution. It consists of forty persons, mainly mediocrities held in absolute contempt by all the world; yet you find even men like

Zola spending years in endeavouring to get into that nest of dullards. Decorations stand at two a penny just now—more being asked when the Government is seated more firmly on its throne; they are as common and cheap as decorations and counts and barons in Brussels (though I do not exaggerate when I say there is an undecorated Belgian. I never met him, but a trustworthy person told me of him). Yet the highly intelligent not merely accept them, but seek them. All these crazy desires are exemplified in Mr. Ohnet's young musician. They are glorified in every paragraph. There is a prima donna who compels Mr. Gaillard (I suppose) to produce the young man's opera. Mr. Ohnet is no realist. A Melba, aided by a Ternina, may cajole or compel Covent Garden to produce such a wretched work as "*La Tosca*"; but it is in the last degree improbable that a young singer should make a director mount a new opera unless there seemed to be money in it. Said Mr. Gévaert "There is nothing in the world so like an opera director as another opera director". Their trade drives out of them any interest in art and they end by seeking only the thing that will pay. That is why they are, even with their subsidies, everlastingly on the verge of bankruptcy. One seems to have made a hit with a new work and the others, like a flock of sheep, follow; as, however, the first has gone over the precipice the others go also. Mr. Gaillard takes the risk and an immense success follows. Consequently some rich Americans run after the composer and he has to explain to his prima donna that if he does appear in their box at the Opéra, it is only to give them pleasure. This part of the book is delicious reading. Vanity of vanities! never in the world were French self-conscious pose and innocent vanity more plainly shown, and not only shown but glorified and revelled in. I know, like all the world, that some American women will sell their bodies for a title as readily as a prostitute will barter hers for gold. But I decline to believe that because of one success a wealthy American family, however stodgy, bourgeois and pretentious, would be honoured to have a composer in their box for half an hour. Much less would they desire to marry their daughter to him. But Mr. Ohnet's readers must be flattered: wherefore the Americans do run after the composer, and though he bolts for his life they pursue and trap him. The inevitable result is a tragedy, because, first, the French are an ancient and highly cultured people, and secondly, the American wife is a woman of the world and her refined French husband a dreamy artist.

It is blatant nonsense. Depend upon it the young composer of one opera chased the American girl and married her dollars and was annoyed afterwards to find something in the way of social duties expected of him. Neither the English nor the American husband-hunter wants any dealing with mere composers. They are themselves worried by crowds of impecunious middle-classes at their heels; but they are in search of the aristocracy who are harder to catch, knowing their price and occasionally over-estimating it. It is perfectly true that, as Goethe long ago remarked, no sooner does an artist make a popular success than all the forces of society seem to exert themselves to prevent him making another. But it is not done by marrying him. Still, Mr. Ohnet succeeds in soothing the uneasy vanity of his bourgeois readers: they see in such a novel as this all their sweetest dreams realised: here is a young bourgeois musician who achieves *la gloire*, has honours poured on his head, has wealthy foreigners at his feet; and if the finish is tragedy it is because of the superiority of the French. Perhaps the proof of their superiority is shown by the fact that the coulisses of their theatres can be compared only to our own chaste Piccadilly at midnight.

As for Mr. Ohnet's treatment of music, it does not count for much. Music has always been a dangerous stumbling-block for novelists. George Moore alone amongst them has handled it without, figuratively speaking, drawing horses with five legs; and he had heard a great deal of music, had lived much amongst musicians, and took the pains to have his work checked by competent persons. Fielding made a few acute remarks on the subject. George Eliot loved it—did she not write a poem of

Joachim's playing of the Bach chaconne?—but she touched even Purcell's "Tempest" music gingerly. Thackeray set people playing brilliant operatic variations on old-fashioned silk-fronted pianos; Dickens seems to have scurried out of the room whenever the piano was touched. Mr. Ohnet's music is, if not adequate, at any rate appropriate. It would have been written by a young bourgeois ambitious of la gloire, decorations, and an American heiress.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

A PERIL FOR PLAYS.

MAN is a sympathetic animal. Even the people who, undriven by duty, attend the first nights of plays, and derive some sort of dark gratification from their habit, are human, and therefore sympathetic. They never come wishing to behold failure. They never do any premeditated "guying". They realise the trouble that has been taken, and the hopes that have been built, and the fears that are now quivering in the over-strained wretches, their human brothers and sisters, behind the scenes. Oh yes, they are most well-wishing, most sympathetic. But in virtue of their very sympathy they are dangerous. Even before the curtain has risen, those pent-up nerve currents from behind the scenes are flowing out into the auditorium, crossing and re-crossing one another in waves, from floor to ceiling, and charging with their electricity, to a greater or less degree, every member of the audience. Unconsciously, we are all more or less in a state of suppressed hysteria. We are all screwed up to an abnormal pitch. A first night is very like a funeral. It is the common experience of mourners at a funeral that, unless they frankly express their grief through tears, and thus relax the strain that is set on them, some quite ordinary thing seen or irrelevantly remembered, something that at any ordinary time would not ever so slightly touch their sense of humour, will now make them shake helplessly with inward laughter—with a laughter that gains force by their very shame of it and by the need for its controlling. So it is at a first night. The slightest hitch on the stage, the slightest oddity in a costume or in a phrase, will seem matter for mirth unquenchable. So excessive is the strain set on us by our sympathy. Let but one member of the audience laugh outright, being more highly-strung than the rest, and the infection of his guffaw spreads instantly, irresistibly, over the whole house; and the game is up. The audience is ashamed of itself, but, having once roared outright, it will roar again, and yet again, louder still, and for yet slighter reasons.

Such a first night as this was evidently last Saturday's at Wyndham's Theatre, when "The Sword of the King" was produced. I was myself not able to be there. Had I been there, I, doubtless, should have been swept under by the electric waves. Even as it was, when I read on Monday morning Mr. L. F. Austin's account of the affair, I laughed loud and long to myself. Even after all those hours, and through that cold medium of printed paper, Mr. Austin transmitted strongly to me those currents. Those frantically ridiculous things that had been said and done! How is it, I wondered, that experienced managers cannot foresee facts that stare them in the face? Here was a production foredoomed, so obviously foredoomed, to be wrecked by laughter; and yet . . .

I attended the third performance. I was careful to be there before the rising of the curtain; for I had gathered that some of the most irresistible things came at the very outset. After all, there was a consensus among the critics that the play was poor, and I supposed it was bound to be withdrawn very soon: nothing could save it; and so there would be no harm or unkindness in having a good laugh. The same thing seemed to have occurred to many other people. The stalls presented not at all the aspect usual on a third night—especially the third night of a failure. They were quite full, with no signs even of "paper". Everyone there was of the kind that does not usually arrive before the middle of the second act. The aristocracy and plutocracy had, for once, wolfed their

food, or dined very early, in their cynical zest to see another "Worst Woman in London". That, indeed, is the one hope for a serious-ridiculous piece: the booking for the stalls is sure to be good. The curtain rose. . . . Yes, a lady in a nightgown, and a gentleman outside her window, standing on an imaginary mare, but—but—but no laughter, no impulse to laugh. We knew it was excruciatingly funny: we knew we ought all to be holding our sides; yet the fact remained that we were not in the least amused; and in the midst of our disappointment we were conscious of being dramatically illuded, dramatically interested. We believed in the mare outside: it *was* there: we heard it gallop away. We did not smile when the horseman was hoisted in through the window, for we were holding our breath till we should know whether he had outwitted his pursuers. When the knock came at the door, and the horseman slipped into the bed, and the search-party was satisfied by the lady that the person behind the bed-curtain was her old nurse, we were impressed by the readiness of the ruse, and delighted by its success. And so on, throughout the piece. We soon had lost all regret that we were not laughing. It was an excellent play of its kind. It was an excellent romantic melodrama.

Dramatic critics may be divided, according to their breadth of view, into four classes. There is (1) the ideal critic who is equally, and extremely, susceptible to every form and manner of drama. Tragic or comic or melodramatic or farcical romance or realism or fantasy, ancient or modern—he revels in them all, and is illuminating about them all. The only drawback in him is that he does not exist. Like unto him, in the matter of impartiality, is (2) the critic who, revelling in not a single one of these forms and manners, pretends to appreciate them all, and is not less trite and tedious about one than about another. The chief objection to him is that he does exist—that he is indeed the average type of critic. But there is, as antidote to him, (3) the critic who really does revel in one or more of these forms and manners, and, revelling in that or them, can neither understand nor abide the rest. Where he revels, he is illuminating. Where he detests, he is entertaining; for the rigid application of a false standard to anything must always produce a grotesque result; and a grotesque must be always welcome. The third kind of critic is my favourite—much dearer to me than the fourth kind (of which I am one). Critic No. 4; he too, has, strong predilections; but he has no prejudices. He does not detest everything to which he happens to be indifferent; nor will he apply thereto the standard applicable only to what he happens to love; and thus he does his readers out of a lot of stimulating fun. I don't, for instance, love romantic melodrama. A girl dresses up as a boy, and sallies out with a sword, and strikes a blow for William of Orange, and fights a duel in defence of her brother against her lover, and at her lover's bidding is ready to shoot her brother—aye! her own brother—if so be that he have done the Prince an injury . . . and all that. All that leaves me cold (though, for purpose of convenience, I included myself just now as one of the people who were carried away by the first act of the play). My own private opinion is that all that is silly. But I don't take this opinion as a touchstone. I recognise the right of melodramatic romance to exist for the pleasure of the people whom it pleases. And I can discriminate between bad samples and good. A good, straightforward, gallant, workmanlike, swift, virile, romantic melodrama is "The Sword of the King". I have to fall back on epithets for this kind of play. I don't profess to be able to be illuminating about it. I can merely be just. And I am glad to do justice (dull thing though justice is) to a play which on its first night received such scant justice from Fate. Fate decreed that the highly-strung audience should laugh, soon after the curtain rose, at a point that was not really laughable; and the rest of the play was dissolved, inevitably, in laughter, so that even the trained critics did not see that it was a very good bit of work, with all the elements of a commercial success. But the first night is not everything, and the press-notices are not everything. I bid the management be of good cheer.

The best piece of acting in the play is done by Mr. Charles Fulton, as the Prince. Famous figures in drama are usually a sad incumbrance. There seems to be only one bridge over which they can be brought safely across from the firm ground of history on to the firm ground of theatrical illusion. This is a strong natural bridge which can, however, be variously engineered for the transit of the various august passengers. Across it Julius Cæsar has come to us, in all his imperial magnitude; and the Duke of Wellington, romantic for all his rigidity; and many another hero, of whom the latest is William of Orange. But I doubt whether the bridge of Mr. Fulton's nose, as augmented by a talent for modelling, would alone be enough to illude us. That nose, in its latest form, and framed in a coiffure of glossy dark curls, recalls not more sharply the pictures of Prince William than the caricatures of the young Disraeli. But the young Disraeli was not a dignified figure. Mr. Fulton cuts always nothing if not a dignified figure. His port, his magnificent voice, his eyes, his manner, all breathe augustness, greatness. Sometimes I have seen him impersonating a private character, and have been alarmed by the total disappearance of that character beneath the weight of his authority. But as the high-souled, high-nosed hero of all time, or of any special period, he has no rival, believe me.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE BRIGAND SKUA.

TO the one smooth beach of which I have spoken come the terns, each year, to breed, and from these, as well as from the various gulls that nest upon the island, the lesser, or arctic skua—whom some call Richardson's skua as though it belonged to that gentleman—is accustomed to take toll. Sweeping the sea with the glasses, one detects, here and there upon its surface, a dusky but elegantly shaped bird, that sometimes rises from the water and descends upon it again, slowly and gracefully, but is never seen to poise and hawk at fish, like the terns themselves or more rarely some of the gulls. These are those skuas who elect to take their chances at sea, and whenever a tern rises after making his plunge with a fish in his bill, they rise also and pursue him. Then may be witnessed a long and interesting chase, in the course of which the two birds will sometimes mount up, almost perpendicularly, rising alternately, one above the other, as though each were ascending an aerial ladder. There are no gyrations, in these ascents. They are—or at least they have the appearance of being—almost perpendicular, so that they differ, altogether, from those of the heron and hawk, once familiar in falconry, and of which Scott has given us such a splendid description in "The Betrothed"—that delightful work which an obtuse critic and publisher (*l'un vaut bien l'autre* very often) almost bullied its author into discontinuing. The victory is by no means always to the robber bird, and I believe that if a tern only persevere long enough, it has nothing to fear, for, as in the case of the black-headed gull and the peewit, with much threatening there is never, or—to be on the safe side—very rarely, an actual assault. It almost seems as if this logical sequence of what has gone before had dropped into desuetude, and that the skua, from having long been accustomed to succeed by the show of violence, had become incapable of proceeding beyond the show. Why, if this were not the case, should he always leave a bird that holds out beyond a certain time? It is not that he is outstripped in the chase, for the skua's activity and powers of flight have always seemed to me to be sufficient to overtake any bird of his own size, however swift, with whom he has piratical relations. I have seen him, indeed, altogether baffled by the smaller terns and evasions of such a comparatively feeble flier as the rock-pipit. But this was out of the ordinary way of his profession. The rock-pipit carried nothing and even if he had done it would have been too insignificant for the skua's attention. Either sport or murder—amongst birds the

two are not combined—must have been the object here, so that the case lies outside what we are considering. I do not, myself, see how these curious relations of robber and robbed could have arisen, unless there had been from the beginning a marked difference in the relative powers of flight possessed by each. The skua, originally, must have caught fish, as the birds on whose angling it is now dependent, and only an easy mastery over the latter could have induced it to abandon the one way of living for the other. This superiority was, probably, first impressed upon the weaker species through bodily suffering, but it would have been less trouble for the stronger one, could it have succeeded without coming to extremities, and this, and its constantly doing so, might in time have made it forget, as it were, the last act of the drama. But say that the skua has forgotten this, then it is likely that a certain number of the persecuted birds have by practice discovered that it has, and so emancipated themselves from the tyranny. Whether this be the reason or not, I have often noticed the persistence with which some terns refuse to yield the fish, though the nearness of the skua and its sweeping rushes seem quite sufficient to induce them to. Those, on the other hand, who drop it quickly often do so whilst the enemy is still at a distance, in which case the fish falls upon the water before the skua can catch it. Upon this the latter, if not invariably as the fishermen assert, yet certainly in the greater number of instances, flies off, without any further attempt to secure it, and I have then seen the tern sweep back, and, plunging down, retake possession of its booty. Whether, in such cases, the fish was designedly relinquished, in order to be secured again, I cannot say, but here, at any rate, we see another way in which the parasite might come to be outwitted by the more intelligent of its *vaches à lait*. These competitions between skua and tern—both of them birds of such swift and graceful flight—are very interesting to watch. The skua, in the midst of the chase, will frequently sweep away as if it had abandoned all hope, and then return in a wide circling rush, at the end of which there may be a sudden upward shoot—for the tern generally seeks to elude its pursuer by rising higher into the air. Often—and again this is just as with the peewit and gull—a pair of skuas will give chase to the same tern, and then one may see the slender, shining bird quite overshadowed by the two evil figures, as, pressing upon either side, they rise or sink towards it, often almost covering it up with their broad and dusky pinions. Twin evil geniuses they seem, seeking to corrupt a soul, or else dark shadows that this soul itself has summoned up, and that attend it, hardly, now to be shaken off.

"Da hab' ich viel b'asse Leichen
Beschworen mit Wortesmacht.
Sie wollen, nun, nicht mehr weichen
Zurück in die alte Nacht."

For imagination can easily multiply the two into many—cares, shadows, sorrows, they are easily multiplied. A tern that either eludes, or is not molested by a skua at sea, flies home with its fish to feed its young. But here it has often to run the gauntlet of other skuas, who wait and watch for it upon the land, sitting amidst the heather, with the brown of which their plumage, as a rule, harmonises. There are, therefore, land-robbers and sea-robbers—pirates and highwaymen—amongst these aristocratic birds, and it would be interesting to know whether the two rôles are performed by different individuals, or indifferently by the same one. To ascertain this satisfactorily would perhaps be a difficult matter, but I believe that here as elsewhere—in everything as soon as one begins to watch—a process of differentiation is going on.

Where there are terns to be robbed, the skuas—I am speaking always of the smaller, and, as I have found it, the more interesting species—seems to prefer them to any other quarry, so that the gulls generally benefit by their presence. Otherwise all are victimised, except, as I think, the great black-backed gull. The latter will himself attack the skua, who flies before him, so that, taking this and his size into consideration, it does not seem very likely that the parts should ever be

reversed—nor can I recall any clear instance in which they were. Of all the birds attacked the common gull—which like common sense seems to be anything but common—makes, in my experience, the stoutest resistance, for it will turn to bay, and show fight, both in the air and on the water, when it has been driven down upon it. Generally it is able to hold its own. These skuas love brigandage so much that, amongst themselves, they play at it; swooping, fleeing and pursuing, each feigns in turn to be the spoiler and the spoiled. So at least I understand it: for nothing ever comes of these skirmishings, no real fight, or anything approaching to one. It is fun, frolic, with a sense of humour, may be as though two pirates were playfully to hoist the black flag at each other. I love the humour of it, I love the birds, above all I love that wild cry of theirs that rings out so beautifully “to the wild sky”, to the mists and scudding clouds. By its general grace and beauty, by its sportings and piracies, its speed of flight and the rushing sweep of its attack, this bird must ever live in the memories of those who have seen it. But most of all it will live there by the inspiring music of its cry.

EDMUND SELOUS.

THE CITY.

THE note in the City has been one of much greater confidence and the reduction of the Bank rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has contributed to the general cheerfulness. The rush of applicants for the new 3 per cent. loan of £5,000,000 issued on behalf of the London County Council has been quite phenomenal and it is understood that applications amounted to about £120,000,000; much of this was doubtless on behalf of “stags” but we understand that a large number of applicants are willing to pay up in full on allotment, thus confirming our opinion that there is a decided growth in real investment business. The issue of the Bloemfontein loan was successful although it probably suffered a disadvantage from the poor reception given to the Johannesburg loan a few months ago—quite unfairly in our opinion, as the conditions of Bloemfontein differ so very much from those of the mining capital; the stock may be bought with the utmost confidence by the investor.

The Anglo-French Agreement has had quite naturally a most reassuring effect on the general stock markets, aided, of course, by the international arrangement in regard to the Near East. But the key of the situation has been in the South African market, and the wide European interest commanded by the shares of the South African mining companies gives an importance to the revival which has taken place in that section during the past week far beyond what the ordinary outsider would suppose possible. We have endeavoured to ascertain whether the public has taken an active part and there appears to be little doubt that it has. The heavy blocks of shares taken over by the influential controlling houses a few weeks ago have been resold and probably nearly 50,000 shares have been absorbed from South Africa. The latter shares, as far as we can gather, represent security held by the banks and others in South Africa against loans and have been sold as the limits were reached required to liquidate the advances; this having been done there appears to have been a cessation of the selling. The fact that such large numbers of shares have been taken on this side without disturbing prices beyond slight reactions is a healthy indication for the future and although one must be prepared for intermittent set-backs we believe the trend or the market will be steadily upward. The mercantile conditions in the Transvaal are becoming more natural, heavy lines of goods no longer exist in any magnitude and with the increase of labour either Chinese or Kaffir—for in our opinion the natives will offer themselves in greater numbers directly the Chinaman appears on the scene—there should be sufficient work for all, even for the disbanded irregulars if they be willing to take their coats off, a condition by no means certain of ready acceptance by many of the men.

The American market has been hesitating and with-

out any special feature, although we understand that there has been a certain amount of good buying of Steel stocks, but the leaders of the market in Wall Street are apparently not very anxious to give a lead to the public at present. In Home Railways the rise has been general and it is a long time since the account showed such large increases in values—in our judgment the stocks of the Southern lines especially are well worth buying for the rise. International stocks with the exception of Russians have been very firm, the chief rise naturally having been in Turks and Egyptian stocks in consequence of the agreements previously referred to. The remaining markets have been fairly active; the most interesting item perhaps was the rise in Duff Development shares, which are talked to a very high figure. The company own a very large area of concessions in the Malay Peninsula and it is stated that important discoveries of gold have been made in addition to rich tin deposits which have been known to exist for many years.

INSURANCE REPORTS.

METROPOLITAN. LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE.

WE explained last week that the most carefully devised rules for judging of the merit or otherwise of a Life office repeatedly prove unsuitable for application, owing to the differences between the systems adopted by various insurance companies. The Metropolitan Life Office is another instance of this. It is one of the few companies which employs no agents, and pays no commission for the introduction of business. This involves a question in connexion with the rate of expenditure which is seldom recognised, but which ought to be taken into account. Owing to the absence of commission the total expenditure amounts to only 7·2 per cent. of the premium income. This is an extremely low proportion and it is beyond question that the affairs of the society are conducted with great economy. Owing to the absence of agents the number of new policies issued each year is extremely small. Last year only 195 new policies were issued, assuring £152,348. There can be little doubt that so small a volume of new assurances tends to lessen the surplus which arises from favourable mortality in the years immediately following careful medical examination. From this point of view the benefits of economy may, in certain circumstances, be more than counterbalanced by the smaller influx of new lives.

In yet another way the peculiar system of the Metropolitan tends to disguise the actual expenditure incurred. The total premiums contracted to be paid by the policy-holders amounted to £157,338, but the premiums actually paid were only £91,419, the large amount of £65,939 having been allowed to policy-holders in reduction of premium, this being the only form in which the society gives bonuses to its members. While it would be misleading to calculate the expenditure from the amount actually received for premiums, it is at the same time somewhat illusory to calculate the expense ratio on a premium income which is never received. The latter course is, however, the only one that can be adopted, but the result is that in the case of this society the method of making comparisons on the basis of expense ratios breaks down. Although this is the case, the facts abundantly prove that the management is conducted very cheaply and very well.

Owing to its system of bonus distribution and the method of valuation this system involves, it is also impossible to make any comparison between the provision made for expenses and the expenditure actually incurred, with the result that another rule which is normally of much value does not apply to this office. We can compare the rate of interest assumed in valuing the liabilities with the rate yielded by the funds and the result is to show a substantial margin, which however is of less importance to the policy-holders of the Metropolitan than it is for the assured in most other companies. The usual plan adopted by Life offices is to provide substantial sources of surplus, but

not to make specific provision for the maintenance of a fixed rate of bonus. The Metropolitan, on the other hand, sets aside reserves which are more than sufficient to maintain the large bonus reduction of premiums which the society declares. There is thus a practical certainty that the existing bonuses will be maintained and the probability that they will increase: in fact a balance of £25,000 has been carried forward unappropriated, and this sum is sufficient to give a larger bonus reduction on the present occasion. The directors, however, having regard to the uncertain monetary outlook, decided to defer the declaration of a larger bonus.

Owing to the strong position which the system of the society involves the results to its policy-holders are particularly good, and if people contemplating assurance would consult their own welfare instead of waiting for a visit from an insurance agent, the new business of the Metropolitan would be considerably larger than it is.

It is not very long since we dealt in some detail with the latest valuation of the London and Lancashire Life Office; consequently it is not necessary to refer at much length to the annual report of the society. The volume of new business is well maintained, and the rate of expenditure is much lower than it was a few years since, although further improvement in this respect is desirable. The rate of interest earned upon the funds exceeded £3 18s. per cent. after deduction of income-tax, and the mortality experienced during the year was well within the amount expected and provided for. Although the normal sources of surplus are not very great, it has to be recognised that the premium rates of the society are below the average, and that neither sources of surplus nor the actual bonuses declared can be expected to be so large when the premium rates are low as when high premiums are charged. The London and Lancashire is one of the proprietary offices which take only a very small amount from the policy-holders, the average of the shareholders' share of the surplus being less than 1 per cent. of the premium income. The large proportion of profits taken by the shareholders of some proprietary companies, which are apparently managed much more economically than the London and Lancashire, produce a real rate of expenditure considerably higher than this office incurs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PUZZLES OF PERSONALITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Woodville, Ilkley in Wharfedale, 29 March, 1904.

SIR,—In the extremely interesting subject discussed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 26 March under the heading of "The Puzzles of Personality" the question is asked—"But what is the real ego—the personality?" Is it not the present surface consciousness plus that vast reservoir of past consciousness now submerged, that we call the subconscious mind?

"I am a part of all that I have met."

It seems to me that we have here a wonderful argument for the survival of personality after bodily death. Have we not lived through those past states of consciousness now submerged? Were they not once a *present* consciousness? And when these bodies die may not this consciousness that we now enjoy become in its turn submerged, to add its influence to all those layers of personality that lie latent in each new-born child?

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

Who has not felt that the span of one brief life is all too short, too lacking in experience, for us to learn the truth?

But if each one of us has been accumulating knowledge since, say, the Stone Age, by reason of our stored-up personalities (which we for ever retain, and which unconsciously to ourselves affect our every thought and deed, as the Hindoos say, "Fate is nothing but the deeds committed in a prior state of existence") becoming united to the new consciousness which is added at each re-birth, is there not hope for us that we may progress for ages yet and so achieve wisdom at last?

Does not the human embryo in its marvellous reproduction of past stages of the human race (compared with which the Stone Age is modern history) prove itself to be an accumulation of many progressive lives, many states of consciousness now outgrown and submerged, yet never lost?

I am aware that the weak point of the argument is in the difficulty of conveying this mass of past consciousness so that it shall lie latent beneath the new-made conscious mind; but the difficulty is not greater than that of the old question, "How and when does soul or spirit originate in the infant?"

This theory of countless layers of mentality lived through one by one, ever being added to as we die and are born again into a fresh surface consciousness, all being welded together to form an ever-deepening personality, is one which fits in very well with the belief of those who like myself think that our lives here on earth are just for that purpose—to educate our consciousness through matter to spirit, so that we may pass through all stages of growth from the lowest to the highest.

I am, yours faithfully,

M. L. HARRISON.

AMERICA AND PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Buffalo, 28 March, 1904.

SIR,—I wonder if the enemies of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have any idea of the joy they will cause American and German manufacturers if they succeed in thwarting the aims of the only two capable statesmen England has. American business men return here after a trip to England highly elated at the way Yankees are cutting into the British market, making England a dumping ground for their surplus goods at slaughter prices. When they have ruined the English trade, they can raise the price. This is the Trust method with which we are familiar on this side and which you in England will find working to enslave you, if you are not careful.

These American business men acknowledge among themselves that England's only hope is in retaliation as suggested by Mr. Balfour and are amazed at the tremendous stupidity of the English people in not seeing what is for their own interests. Of all the opponents of Mr. Chamberlain the one held in most contempt by Canadians is Mr. Ritchie, who was so afraid that "we might offend the United States". Cannot you produce any more Chamberlains? If you cannot, the Empire will go to pieces.

Yours truly,

ESTYN CARSON.

WHISTLER AND THE NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 and 9 Essex Street, Strand,
11 April, 1904.

SIR,—No one who knows Whistler's genius really can suppose that any one of his works would adequately represent him in our national collection. But is Mr. Wedmore prepared to deny that "this particular 'Symphony in Grey'" is a worthy and characteristic example of one aspect of the artist's many-sided genius? And if this work be worthy and characteristic, is it not better that thereby Whistler should be represented, even disproportionately to his

merit, than remain, as at present, wholly unrepresented?

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
FRANK RUTTER.

LORD MELVILLE AND PITT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 April.

SIR,—The story quoted in your last issue of the vote of censure on Lord Melville (8 April 1805) and its effect on Pitt is contradicted in Lord Auckland's "Journal" vol. iv. p. 237 note. Pitt spoke thrice later at the same sitting. Colonel Wardle was not M.P. till 1807. (D.N.B., vol. 59, p. 355).

Yours,
E. K. P.

[We are not much concerned as to whether the story of Pitt's tears is founded on fact or not. If we recollect rightly, Lord Rosebery wrote up the story in his delightful if not particularly authoritative little book on Pitt.—ED. S.R.]

TAGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cosmos Club, Washington, D.C.

5 April, 1904.

SIR,—Perhaps Shakespeare is an unknown or, at least, a sealed book at "The Oaks" whence a correspondent writes in your number of 19 March, under the heading, "The Worst Three Tags". Else why is Iago's famous response to Desdemona's challenge, "For I am nothing, if not critical" ("Othello", Act ii. Scene 1) classed with such nonsense as "I venture to think", and "No shadow of foundation"?

Very truly yours,
GEORGE A. KING.

[Our correspondent forgets that the finest phrase may by iteration become an insufferable tag.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kew, 14 April, 1904.

SIR,—Three "tags" of the worst type are the following:—

1. "Fit as a fiddle", which of all instruments is very rarely fit.
2. "Dead as a doornail." An absurdity.
3. "Right as a trivet." My experience of trivets is that they are rarely to be trusted.

Your obedient servant,
W. W.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. D. N. Samson, does not seem to understand the meaning of the word obvious. Otherwise he could hardly cite "I am going to Paris to" (see pictures) as a parallel to "I rise to" (move). That he was going to Paris need not be, and probably is not, obvious to his interlocutor, for whose benefit the statement is made; that it is obvious to the speaker himself is wholly irrelevant. On the contrary, when a speaker in the House says he rises, he is saying what is directly obvious to every soul that hears him, and indirectly obvious to everyone who reads him, for we all know that members do not speak in the House sitting. His defence of the phrase that it is an idiom of Parliament, for that is what at best this defence amounts to, does not prevent its being a tag, to anyone who understands what a tag is. It is not uncommon, unfortunately, for people to go on using tags until they become veritable idioms of their private diction. Nor do I see that it makes much difference whether their use is "telic" or "ecbatic", whatever may be the precise meaning these barbarous words convey which English could not.

I am, &c.

from

THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGERS' GALLERY.

REVIEWS.

LORD ACTON.

"Letters of Lord Acton to Mary, Daughter of the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone." Edited by Herbert Paul. London: Allen. 1904. 15s. net.

ONE wonders what effect these letters would have upon a reader who did not know Lord Acton personally. To those who did know him they have a surpassing interest. They bring back the personality of their friend in the most vivid fashion. One hears the sound of the voice, one sees the glance of the eye, one follows every nuance of that subtle mind, and knows when seriousness passes into banter, and deliberate judgment into playful exaggeration. Was there ever such a man? A cosmopolitan, compounded of English, German, and Italian elements in almost equal proportions, an English Baron, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, a Duke in France, as he might have been for the asking, he was equally at home in the language, literature, and thought of all these countries, and the intimate friend of all their leading men. In mind and attainments he was equally universal. He was certainly a scholar of the old university type, although he had built so lofty an edifice on this foundation that the concrete had become invisible. He was a theologian such as few men are, scarcely, indeed, inferior to Döllinger himself. As an historian, he knew all history, and all the sources of history. No one else could have reviewed, in the same number of a magazine, with equal mastery, Lea's History of the Inquisition, and Bright's latest addition to his History of England. He was a philosopher and an economist. Political science was the breath of his nostrils. Perhaps he had less discrimination in pure literature, and probably little sense for art, apart from historical association, otherwise he would not have rated Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" so highly. With all this hold upon the past, he lived emphatically in the world of to-day. He not only knew great men, but rejoiced in their friendship, as they depended upon his advice and counsel. No one will ever know how much modern history has been made by Lord Acton's advice and co-operation, as no one will ever know the books bearing the names of others of which he was the begetter. Take all this away and there remained the simple man, the husband, the father and the friend, interested in every joy and sorrow which would affect those dear to him, perfect in every relation of life, the willing slave of duty, and of all duties ever choosing the lowliest. To us it always seemed that Lord Acton must be reckoned as one of the greatest men of his age, and the sense of his loss deepens every day to those who rested on his strength.

All these qualities are shown in the present letters, and in this consists their real value. It is, of course, interesting to read that Lord Acton was a convinced Home Ruler, that he approved of the surrender of the Transvaal, that he regretted the occupation of Egypt. But more fascinating is his tender care for the career and reputation of his friend the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, his anxiety to shield him in danger, to encourage him in depression, to animate him in success, and his no less loving sympathy for the fair and gentle correspondent who then shared the responsibilities of his greatness.

Besides these private ties, two feelings seem to underlie the correspondence. With all his cosmopolitan environment Lord Acton had an intense desire to be nothing but an English nobleman, he always spoke English to his children and they disliked speaking any other language. Therefore, whether at St. Martin, or at Tegernsee, or at Cannes, his heart was always in the Athenæum or the House of Lords, and the living in the closest communion with one who was governing his own country was in a special manner congenial and attractive to him. Besides this, he had an intimate sympathy with the intellectual life of London, and his enforced residence abroad made him more keen not to lose touch with this centre of illumination, and to know everything which was passing in the planet to which he looked for light. One cannot believe that Paris,

Berlin or Rome, familiar as they were to him, and full of friends, held him by so strong a spell. These fundamental feelings will account for the pains he took to foster the best influences in Downing Street, and for the curiosity which stimulated him to know all that could be known of the metropolis of his desires.

The book is too full of matter to be treated on this occasion with detailed criticism. We do not accept Lord Acton's estimate of Mr. Gladstone, but it must be admitted we are too near to judge of its correctness. A lighthouse illuminates the distant ocean, not the rocks and shingle at its feet. His praise of George Eliot falls on unlistening ears, but here too we must appeal to posterity, and believe that the spell which bound those who knew her in life will not fail also to enslave the coming age. Lord Acton's masterly criticism of "John Inglesant" stands as a monument of his historical knowledge and also of his modesty and his courtesy. Nothing but a large measure of this latter quality could have led him to award the praise he does to an essentially second-rate production. We are told in the school books that such was the politeness of the great Cæsar that he even ate rancid oil rather than offend the feelings of his host by refusing it. More interesting is the question why the History of Liberty was never written, why not a fragment of it remains. Perhaps it was never intended to be written, and was merely a name for the interest which bound together the complicated workings of Acton's mind into what might fairly resemble unity, a fabric "never built and therefore built for ever".

In this connexion there is a most interesting passage in one of Lord Acton's letters, which seems to tell the whole truth. "I cannot well help doing what I do, taking all things into consideration: and as to my tiresome book, please to remember that I can only say things which people do not agree with, that I have neither disciple nor sympathiser, that this is no encouragement to production and confidence, that grizzled men grow appalled at the gaps in their knowledge, and that I have no other gift but that which you pleasantly describe, of sticking eternal bits of paper into innumerable books and putting larger papers into black boxes. There is no help for it." It was this inability to produce that eventually killed Lord Acton. He spent his last fatal Easter vacation at Cambridge trying to write the introductory chapter for his great "Modern History" and a Romanes lecture for Oxford. But the man is greater than any book of his could have been. We hope that others may follow the example of Mrs. Drew, and that those who knew him not may derive from various sources some impression of his personality, dim indeed and shadowy in comparison with that which abides with those who loved and revered him in life.

THE KEYBOARD OF EUROPE.

"England in the Mediterranean." 1603-1713. By J. S. Corbett. London: Longmans. 1904. 24s. net.

THE experience of centuries goes to prove that the Mediterranean has with good reason been called the heart of the world, and it is forcibly brought home when the sequence of events is watched from the Mediterranean standpoint recommended by Mr. Corbett. If the Mediterranean be the heart, it is no less true that the Straits of Gibraltar must be the throat of the world, and consequently that hand which can put pressure there is fairly certain to affect the world's nervous system. All this seems so evident to us in these islands that we find it difficult to believe there are still many in the outlying districts of the Empire who are anxious to fritter away good coin of the realm in childish efforts at what they are pleased to call local defence. These may have their eyes opened when they read what Mr. Corbett has to tell them of the rise and influence of British power within the Straits. From the Mediterranean they will get a better view than is possible from their own shores and doubtless see that though "world-wide empires dominate our imagination, yet their roots still lie in the European system. If that is shaken, all will shake . . . the midland sea remains still, perhaps more than ever, the keyboard of

Europe". At the dawn of the seventeenth century, within the Straits England was a name and nothing more. The new type of ship had opened out tremendous possibilities to the northern sea Powers, but many a long year was to pass before men could see the effect it was to have upon the destinies of the world. The galley was supreme in the Mediterranean when an obscure swashbuckler—one Ward—deserter from the pinnacle "Lion's Whelp", taught the Tunisian pirates the mystery of the use of sails and thereby sowed the seed which was eventually to bring the British into the inland sea. Being apt pupils, the Corsairs soon became formidable enough to put Spain to her wits' ends to keep them in order; Osuna, Grandee, and Viceroy of Naples, did his best to show his Sovereign the true remedy, but nothing less than the threatening appearance of a Dutch squadron on the scene could induce conservative Spain to move with the times and accommodate herself to a new set of political conditions due to a mechanical development in the art of maritime warfare. Not that her instinct was at fault: she felt the game was to be transferred from the ocean and that she was about to feel its pressure at the weakest joints in her harness; she knew that if she were unable to restrain the Barbary pirates herself, England and Holland would take steps to protect their Mediterranean trade, and she realised that the said Corsairs would afford an excellent excuse for any sinister design they might have on foot within the Straits. Her fears were not unfounded, for in 1617 a Royal Commission sat to consider the advisability of maintaining a permanent Mediterranean squadron for commerce protection, and its report immediately set the Spanish dovecote in a flutter, although our good King James was only stretching his muscles unconsciously. The Stuarts were not the best judges of cause and effect, whatever their other virtues, and James II. in spite of the intelligent interest he invariably displayed in the maintenance of his navy never knew how to make his sea power felt. Small blame to him—since the expert opinion of his day did not rise above raiding and cross-raiding. One man was in advance of his generation—Sir Henry Bruce, a soldier of fortune—who first drew attention to the advantages Gibraltar offered for a permanent naval station. Whilst domestic troubles kept King and Parliament fully occupied at home, Richelieu set himself to build up the French navy and this created a new situation and brought France on the boards in the character of a naval power. The Toulon squadron came into being and the eyes of France turned naturally to the Mediterranean shores. The attempt of the Continental Powers to foster civil strife in England somewhat upset calculations by bringing out the Britisher in the direction where he was least liked, and in 1650 Blake entered the Straits, but the actual motive force which drove England forward to follow out a Mediterranean policy was the then newly-adopted view of commerce protection caused by the remodelling of the national navy which made the merchantman no match for the warship. To Penn fell the lot of commanding the first true Mediterranean squadron, and from the date of its fitting out, the necessity for providing it with an advanced base was to become increasingly apparent. Cromwell first inaugurated a definite Mediterranean policy, and although in doing so he was mainly influenced by Elizabethan notions, his unerring military instinct prompted him to seek for a base of operations close to the Straits, and made him renew Bruce's suggestion for a permanent occupation of Gibraltar. The pressure of the Dutch once removed, he had a free hand to strike the balance of power by playing alternately on the hopes and fears of France and Spain, and he found the Mediterranean a very convenient place for the purpose. England however did not get her much-needed naval base until the advent of the second Charles, the French support of the Stuart-Braganza marriage, instigated by rivalry of Spain, unintentionally enabling her to secure a very passable one. As a speculation the Braganza settlement had its merits. Tangier and Bombay were undeniable attractions and their possession opened the way to a wide imperial policy. It did not take Louis long to see his mistake, but all efforts on his part to find compensation for Tangier to the

eastward were doomed to end in failure. However, lack of sympathy between the English King and his people and an inability to understand each other's aims turned the scale in Louis' favour. Charles could not keep Tangier without money and the Protestant fanaticism rather than he must be blamed for its sacrifice. Abandonment of Tangier meant abandonment of command of the Straits and Louis was free to move his squadrons where he would without threat of interference. The success of Tourville compelled our Dutch William to grasp the fact that, with France in overwhelming force in the Mediterranean and her communications uninterrupted, the Grand Alliance could not effect its object. The strength of the French position was obvious, but it was not easy to hit upon the point where it might be best turned nor did the limited capabilities of the ships of the day make the problem easier. It took William time and a stumble or two to feel his way, nevertheless by the time peace was signed at Ryswick in 1697 he had learnt the great truth that the Mediterranean was the keyboard of Europe and from that time forward he never ceased to play upon it. Death prevented him from getting his foothold on the Straits but he bequeathed his policy to Marlborough and no better man could have been found to advance it. The expedition to Cadiz was planned with the idea of securing an advanced base whence the Straits could be commanded for the further purpose of controlling the Mediterranean area, and though general bungling and Rooke's passive resistance prevented the carrying out of the business, its object was attained when the momentous decision to seize Gibraltar was made and acted upon. Due credit ought to be given to Hesse who sanctioned the undertaking; the operation itself turned out an easy one. The importance of the Rock had come at length to be generally recognised and the successful holding of it against all comers effectually destroyed the last chance of a French domination of the Mediterranean: but as a naval base the place was not of much account, a winter squadron still being obliged to fall back on the Tagus. Naturally then the acquisition of Minorca was considered a very desirable enterprise, for from there Toulon could be watched, and an occupation of the island suggested itself as the most suitable way to ensure successful naval action. Minorca once taken, its retention became the first aim of British statesmanship and the Treaty of Utrecht which confirmed England in her possession of Minorca and Gibraltar left her in a strong strategical position for meeting the contingencies of the future. We are indebted to Mr. Corbett for giving us a better understanding of the different causes often small in themselves which led to the intricate intriguing of the seventeenth century, for he shows us not only the puppets but the strings which pulled them, and his preference for taking the Mediterranean standpoint is justified, since from there "events which seemed but the most trifling episodes appear as links in a mighty chain, reputations that stood high sink low and others almost forgotten lift their heads, whilst judgments that have long since passed into commonplace seem on all sides to demand revision".

TRODDEN PATHS IN CHINA.

"The Back Blocks of China." By R. Logan Jack. London: Edward Arnold. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

DR. LOGAN JACK is a geological expert who visited the province of Szechuen in Western China, in the interests of a British syndicate, to investigate the mining capabilities of that region. He was accompanied by two mining engineers, one of them his son, who is responsible for the excellent photographs with which his book is illustrated. The party started in January 1900, travelled by steamer and boat up the Yangtze river to Ch'ungking and thence by land to Ch'engt'u, the capital of Szechuen. From Ch'engt'u three expeditions were made to various mining centres. While they were away on a fourth expedition news was received of the outbreak of the Boxer movement and the siege of the Legations at Peking, and, deeming it unsafe to retrace his steps, Dr. Jack decided that it would be wiser for the expedition to make for Bhamo by way of Yunnan. As a

matter of fact it would have been perfectly safe for them to go back, and as they were in telegraphic communication with Shanghai it seems strange that they did not apply there for authentic information and advice. The overland journey was accomplished without special adventure, but with considerable discomfort, and Bhamo was reached at the end of October. With the possible exception of a few places visited in the course of the prospecting expeditions from Ch'engt'u, Dr. Jack and his party travelled over ground that had been covered before, and described, in one section or another, by many well-known travellers. He might well, therefore, have spared the public what, to put it frankly, is a monotonous record of daily experiences from start to finish.

Dr. Jack endorses the opinion that the navigation of the Yangtze by steamer from Ichang to Ch'ungking is too hazardous to be worth the risk. More than one steamer has been wrecked in the attempt, and the chances of a successful passage up or down the rapids are rather against, than for, the vessel. He advocates a railway along the banks of the river, but it will surely be a long time before capitalists will risk their money in so gigantic and speculative an undertaking. Nothing is said about the mineral resources of Szechuen, probably because Dr. Jack wants to keep his information to himself, but he might have been more communicative about the Mantze and Lolos, tribes of aborigines he met on his journey, who were most friendly and showed him cordial hospitality. The little he does say is sandwiched in between records of the weather and of climbs up or down hill, and it adds little to our scanty knowledge of these interesting people. He found that whistling was objected to because it offended their gods, and a dance was arranged in his honour at one house in which, strange to relate of an Asiatic people, men and women danced, or rather shuffled, round together. There is little else in his story that was not known before. He found in one place elephants owned by a tribal magistrate who visited each market in the district, and collected a toll of 140,000 copper cash per market. He mentions in another place that a thousand cash, value two shillings, weigh nine pounds, so that a load representing nineteen pounds in gold weighed no less than 1,260 pounds. The figures seem large, but Dr. Jack also asserts that a coolie can carry 500 pounds deadweight on his back over a mountain range.

At the close of what might have been an interesting book, if he had been less discursive, Dr. Jack indulges in certain reflections on the causes that have led to the decay of China. He attributes this decay in part to the written language, which he evidently considers to have existed at the time of the building of the Tower of Babel; to filial piety, which causes a Chinese to think that what was good enough for his father is good enough for him; to the popular mode of shaving the head, and to the precept that every animal must be allowed to reproduce its own species. Hence, all horses are sires, the Chinese are afraid to ride them unless they are led, and this makes men riders effeminate and induces national degeneracy! Is it worth while to tell Dr. Jack that geldings only are seen in the north of China, and that his theory of Chinese views on reproduction of species is utter nonsense? We are afraid that Dr. Jack was thirsting for information and that his interpreter gave him too much. He certainly gave him too big a visiting card, a facsimile of which appears on the cover of the book, and he may be surprised to hear that any Chinese who read his name as written on the card would call him "Jacky", for that is the approximate Chinese pronunciation.

A SERAPHIC DOCTOR.

"Jeremy Taylor." By Edmund Gosse. London: Macmillan. 1904. 2s. net.

DUCTOR, perhaps, rather than doctor; for those who doubt and those who weep are guided by the English Chrysostom in green pastures and "super aquam refectiois", but we do not look up to him as a mighty thinker and theologian. By comparison with some pulpit stylists of our

day, whose suave and sugared discourses delight fashionable congregations, Jeremy Taylor is both. But then the seventeenth-century standard is a high one. The author however of "Holy Dying" and of the exquisite sermon on "the Faith and Patience of the Saints" was pre-eminently a healer and persuader. "What was wanted", observes Mr. Gosse, "in that melancholy hour, was a physician of souls, one who had the skill to comfort the racked nerves and pour oil into the aching wounds of the Church. This precisely suited the temperament of Jeremy Taylor, who was nothing of a pontiff and nothing of a satirist, but whose seraphic gentleness exhaled itself in the deep and comfortable balms of consolation". At Newbury he is said to have cheered the spirit of the retreating Cavaliers. The crown of sorrows of the imprisoned King was lightened by his spiritual converse. And when altar and throne went down the lacerated hearts of royalist and prelatist turned to the simple presbyter who seemed to be the ghostly father of the whole desolate Church. After the Restoration Taylor, now Bishop of Down and Connor, continued to drop nard and balsam into the gaping divisions of the land. Preaching on 8 May, 1661, before the eager Houses—Mr. Gosse does not quote from this sermon—he exhorted Lords and Commons "to oppress no man for difference of religious opinion, to dispense justice with the same scale to Roman Catholics Lutherans and Calvinists, to convert antagonists by purity of conduct, to be charitable to the faith they professed, to do as God does Who in judgment remembers mercy". His eirenic sweetness contrasts with the incendiary and scurrilous pamphleteering by which Milton had degraded his lofty gifts.

Not that there was anything of the unctuous peacemaker about Taylor. His prefaces penned under the Commonwealth are recklessly outspoken. Cromwell is the son of Zippor and Julianus Redivivus. The divine claims of the apostolic hierarchy are uncompromisingly asserted against the "harrows and saws of impertinent and ignorant preachers", presumptuous amateurs intruding into sacred mysteries. He himself had been rabbled, robbed and turned out of his parsonage; four or five times he saw the inside of a prison—Mr. Gosse suggests however that poverty and debt led to the incarceration in Chepstow Castle—and once was a prisoner of war. When nominated to the See of Down he protested that though for the Church of England he had suffered the persecution of eighteen years, the Presbyterians of his flock, accusing him of papistry, had appointed a "committee of Scotch spiders" to gather what poison they could out of his books. "It was better for me to be a poor curate in a little village church than a bishop over such intolerable persons". After every effort at conciliation had failed, finding that his Cameronian clergy reckoned on breaking down his nerve, the sensitive, solitary man acted suddenly with Strafford-like thoroughness. He declared thirty-six parishes vacant, and filled the cures with scholarly and orthodox divines from Oxford and Cambridge. A little later, scenting a plot against the Government, the Bishop himself arrested Drysdale, the ringleader, and set Dublin Castle in motion so vigorously that in a few months the disaffected ministers were all in ward or shipped back to Scotland.

Mr. Gosse admires Taylor's courage, or obstinacy, but is a little scandalised that he who now called it a weakness to "plead for toleration and compliance" was none other than the writer of the "Liberty of Prophecy", the first reasoned defence in English of modern principles of religious tolerance. But the Laudian school made a marked distinction between freedom of opinion or even of teaching and clerical indiscipline taking the form of ceremonial nonconformity and professional laxity. It was not speculative heterodoxy but churches that "lay nastily", and priests that refused to kneel at the Communion, and high-placed laymen that lived scandalously, which were struck at by Abbot's successor. Mr. Gosse can hardly be fresh from studying the condition of the Church of England in the first quarter of the seventeenth century when he uses conventional phrases about Laud "drawing the cords of discipline with angry impatience around every limb of the unfortunate English Church",

and driving his opponents overseas. "No one", says Dr. Gardiner, "who has studied the records of the High Commission will speak of it as a cruel tribunal". But on the restoration of decency and comely order Laud was determined. In the interpretation of the Christian verities, on the other hand, the national Church of his dream was to admit the most charitable latitude—"Nor will I ever take upon me to express that tenet or opinion, the denial of the foundation only excepted, which may shut out any Christian, even the meanest, out of heaven". It may be little, writes Gardiner, "that every parish church in the land presents to-day a spectacle which realises his hopes. It is far more that his refusal to bend his mind to the dogmatism of Puritanism, and his appeal to the cultivated intelligence for the solution of religious problems, has received an ever-increasing response even where his memory is devoted to contemptuous obloquy". Jeremy Taylor, one of Laud's discoveries, was his apt pupil in these ideas. No doubt, when the "Liberty of Prophecy" appeared, Churchmen were the underdog, and along with papists quakers and anabaptists, for whom it pleads, were proscribed and in need of toleration. The question too is a deeper one than Taylor perceived: some of his positions caused searchings of heart to his co-religionists, though not so poignant as were caused by the pelagian tendencies of the "Unum Necessarium", which Duppa and Warner found to their horror was dedicated to them. But Taylor was neither opportunist nor latitudinarian. The best spirits of the time revolted from the "orthodoxal wormwood" of the dominant Calvinism. A more gracious presentment of the Christian revelation was not likely to lead men into laxity, especially when coming from one so tenderly ascetic, so angelically austere, as Taylor, in whose eyes the edifying clinical repentances of Puritan and Roman were no substitute for holy living. A serene sanctity, harmonious with the tranquil beauty of his retreat at Golden Grove, seemed part of his nature, and he imputed it to mankind. As though he were himself one of the "holy primitives" hundreds sought his spiritual direction—he was confessor to, among others, his benefactor Evelyn—and out of this wide experience in cases of conscience grew the "Ductor Dubitantium". Old moorings of morality had been cut, lives were drifting, and a scientific work on casuistry was a need of the Church to which Sanderson also applied himself. Jeremy Taylor's real importance, of course, with posterity is as one of the greatest masters of English prose, at its best period, between the stiffly brocaded stateliness of Hooker and the gentlemanly and unaffected reasonableness of the Tillotson school. His preoccupation, says Mr. Gosse, who catches some of Taylor's own music and pomp of phrase, was with beauty, "in the most gorgeous gold and scarlet of fancy, and accompanied by flutes and hautboys of calculated cadence". Hallam calls his style Asiatic. It has truly a perfumed and aromatic richness, but the splendour of the embroidered diction is always delicate and refined; there is in it "an enchanting fluidity and sweetness, the bright elastic phrase leaping into light", the thoughts welling forth like a gush of melody. Nor was this distinction and felicity of language a mere trick of art. Art it was, no doubt; but the words seem naturally to express the "golden rapture" in the writer's heart.

MAGNA MOLES.

"Observations of a Naturalist in the Pacific between 1896 and 1899; Volume I., Vanua Levu, Fiji. A Description of its Leading Physical and Geological Characters." By H. B. Guppy. London: Macmillan. 1903. 15s. net.

UP to the word "Fiji" the above title appears on the cover of this handsome volume; the remainder is relegated to small italics on the title-page. We may conceive the book-buyer or the librarian adding Mr. Guppy's book serenely to his shelves as a complement to the many works of travel that have illumined the Pacific region. We can also conceive the non-geological reader carrying it home with him, and sitting down in the expectation of an evening of intellectual enjoyment. Yet professed

geologists, we feel sure, would rather read their own Quarterly Journal, in its severest moods, than face, chapter by chapter, these four hundred pages of description. The vivacious "notes and abstracts" of the "Mineralogical Magazine" would even seem like "Tit-Bits" in comparison. The fact is that Mr. Guppy has given us all his observations without reserve. His general conclusions, summed up in Chapters I. and XXVII., are of immense geographical as well as geological interest; and his details might well have been arranged with a view to their orderly development. As it is, he may be likened to the barrister, who, in pressing home a charge of murder, described the pattern on the window-curtains of the victim's bedroom. We doubt, indeed, if any scientific society would be justified in publishing the fact that the rock of Mount Freeland "displays large opaque white phenocrysts of plagioclase", or that another rock has "a doleritic structure in part disguised by alteration", and "is referred to genus 16, species D, of the augite-andesites", together with hundreds of similar patient observations, if no attempt were made to bring these structural details to bear on the main thesis of the volume. In the field, the geologist notes everything visible to the eye; in the laboratory, he works yet more analytically, with the microscope and his chemical reagents; and at last he begins to correlate and to propound. He is then like a commander, who orders his battle and marshals his varied forces from his tent; but he does not think it necessary, before he sweeps to victory, to read the pay-list to the general public, or to bring "the poys and the luggage" to the front. We must conclude that Mr. Guppy, in excessive conscientiousness, has allowed his notes to overwhelm his evidence.

The salient points that are brought out regarding the structure of Vanua Levu, the north-eastern of the two great islands of the Fijis, are that the plateau uniting the volcanic peaks has emerged in recent geological times from the ocean-floor, and that the volcanoes themselves, in their days of activity, were submarine. Upheaval may, indeed, still be going on. The former cones have mostly been swept away by denudation, and their lava-plugs and cores remain as striking hills, with almost vertical flanks. In actual size, some two to three thousand feet above the sea, as well as in their fantastic outlines, these residual necks remind us of the crags of North Bohemia, which owe their origin to a similar volcanic chain. Numerous fragmental accumulations, often containing basalt-glass, occur on the gentler slopes and in the plateaux. The author aptly compares their mode of origin with what he has observed at Stromboli, where the waves form a beach of detrital matter worn from the cliffs of lava, while other scoræ are added direct from the active volcanic vent above. The submarine nature of this volcanic action in Vanua Levu is, however, demonstrated by the inter-lamination of the agglomerates and tuffs with deposits of a fairly deep-sea character, containing foraminiferal shells. When larger organisms are represented, Mr. Guppy writes their names between quotation-commas, as if they were something for which he should apologise in so popular and light a treatise. Yet on the same page we read of semi-ophitic porphyritic olivine-basalt, without any such delicate introduction.

The lowland of Vanua Levu is the visible portion of a plateau that extends westward under the sea, and then sweeps south to join the west edge of Viti Levu (map facing p. 373). Had the four hundred fathom line been selected for the edge of this plateau, in place of the conventional one hundred, the union of the two islands as one mass, with oceanic waters close around it, would have been rendered still more striking. Mr. Guppy urges that the plateau is formed of basaltic lava-flows, which served as the basis on which the marine deposits and tuffs were gradually piled. During the period of emergence, remarkable mineral changes went on under the influence of the new brackish-water lakes, and corals became silicified, while nodules of brown iron-ores were deposited. The comparative rapidity with which replacements of carbonate of lime by carbonate of magnesium or by silica may arise in modern coral reefs is one of

the most interesting features brought out by recent exploration, and Mr. Guppy's work adds very greatly to our knowledge.

Mr. Guppy, despite his acceptance of a theory of elevation to account for the Fijis, has still some confidence in the stability of the Pacific Ocean. He is not one of those who picture the huge crust-waves circling in succession round the globe, while man, in his brief existence, records here a continental arch, here a broad downfold, which he calls an ocean. Had Mr. Guppy, indeed, possessed more of this faculty of scientific imagination, he would not have sent forth in type the whole of this conscientious volume.

THE LESSER PARROTS.

"Parrakeets. A Handbook to the Imported Species." By David Seth-Smith. London: R. H. Porter. 1903. 40s. net.

THE first members of the parrot family which became known to the ancients were undoubtedly some of the Indian parrakeets; but the introduction in later ages of the short-tailed parrots, such as the grey parrot of Africa and the Amazons of America, together with that of the more showy macaws and cockatoos, rather threw the smaller members of the family into the shade. Yet it is among the parrakeets that may be found some of the most gorgeous and graceful birds in the world; one has only to glance over the score of beautiful plates in Mr. Seth-Smith's admirable book to realise that for brilliance and purity of colour even the famed birds of paradise are inferior to some of the parrot tribe, while in beauty of contour the parrots are immeasurably superior. Parrakeets are not very expensive to buy or hard to keep; except in the case of the honey-feeding lorikeets, for which sweetened milk-sop is essential, they give no more trouble than pigeons or canaries, feeding on ordinary seeds and grain. All of them, or nearly all, relish fruit also, and for this reason the bird-fancier need have no compunction in keeping them in cages, for their fruit-eating proclivities make them such a nuisance in their native lands that they would in many cases be shot if not captured for our aviaries. As a rule it is only in an aviary that the parrakeets can be studied to advantage; unlike the larger parrots, they do not like to be handled, and this, in addition to their poor qualifications as talkers, makes them unsuitable as cage pets indoors. Outside, in a large aviary, they not only delight the eye of their owner by their colour and activity, but also often breed with more or less freedom, if some receptacle imitating their natural home in a hollow limb be provided as nesting accommodation. One species may be regarded as amongst our domestic birds, and this one of the most charming of all. Everybody has seen the pretty little zebra-barred parrakeet which is compelled to earn its living and that of some itinerant hag as a "fortune-telling bird" in the streets. This, the "undulated grass-parrakeet" of ornithological works, and the "budgerigar" of bird-keepers, was first imported from Australia about half a century ago, and has taken so kindly to captivity that it is considered far more easy to breed even than the canary; and Mr. Seth-Smith considers that specimens bred from good stock in outdoor aviaries are just as fine as the wild-caught ones still brought over. More remarkable, a yellow variety of the bird has been produced, and is now well known, though less prolific than the type. Its appearance is not due to domestication, for yellow individuals have been seen among the flocks in Australia. Parrakeets are indeed rather prone to produce yellow varieties; such specimens of the common ringnecked parrakeet of India occur every year there as often as white specimens of the blackbird do in England. Although no parrakeet is quite so easy to breed as the budgerigar, several others breed very readily. Chief among these is the cockatiel, a charming crested bird about as big as a missel-thrush, with quakerish plumage of dark-grey and white curiously contrasted with a primrose head adorned with a spot of bright orange on each cheek. From one pair of these Mr. Seth-Smith has reared sixteen young birds between March and September. But the thoroughgoing bird-fancier need not be content with such birds as these. Even without the

aid of artificial heat in winter he can maintain and breed such lovely birds as the imperial Pennant's parakeet, plumaged in poppy-red and pansy-blue; the rosella, exhibiting nearly all the colours of the rainbow, in addition to black and white; and the still lovelier mealy rosella, with its exquisite tones of primrose and tender blue. All these are Australian, and equally hardy is the gorgeous king parakeet of that country, dark green with head and breast of purest scarlet, and as large as a pigeon; and the above-mentioned ring-parakeet of India, whose peculiarly soft green is as lovely in its way as the richer tints of the Australian birds.

It is perhaps not remarkable that parakeets should bear captivity and an alien climate so well, for in nature they have a much wider range than the large parrots. The only parrot in North America is the Carolina parakeet, which used to range as far north as New York; now, alas, it is nearly extinct. In the southern hemisphere we find parakeets in Patagonia and New Zealand, and one even inhabits the lonely wind-swept Antipodes Island, where it climbs about among the tussock grass, and although able to fly, seems quite disinclined to take wing; no doubt all the more volatile individuals have for ages been blown out to sea and perished.

It has been stated on high scientific authority that the parrot tribe lay their eggs in holes because they cannot build nests owing to their clumsy formation and movements. But Nature is fond of giving the lie to the highest scientific authorities when they theorise upon structure and function, and Mr. Seth-Smith treats of several parakeets which do build nests, and in a remarkable way. Unique in this respect is the grey-breasted parakeet of South America, which is gregarious and builds communistic nests of twigs interwoven in the branches of trees, each nesting-apartment being furnished with a porch. There is no communication between the rooms, so that if an opossum manages to take up his quarters in one, where the entrance, usually placed below or on the side under the eave, has been made too high, the philosophical birds continue to inhabit the remaining chambers without fear. As a tree-building teal also finds the parakeets' mansion convenient for a nesting-place, quite a happy family may live in one of these parrot-houses. This parakeet is also one of the hardy species, and not long ago one lived at liberty about a farmhouse in England even through the winter, and beguiled its solitude by constructing a big nest on the roof. Here, surely, is a species which might with advantage be added to the birds of our London parks, more especially as it is very cheap—fine healthy specimens were recently sold in London at seven shillings a pair.

Very curious also are the nesting habits of the tiny short-tailed parakeets known as love birds. These breed in holes like other parrots, but, unlike them, seem to feel the necessity for some sort of bedding. This they procure by peeling off the green pliant bark of trees, but it is their method of conveying it to the nest that is so remarkable. The bird gives the strips of bark a nip in the centre to bend them into a V-shape, and then tucks them away under her long upper tail coverts, till, having collected enough material to make her look "like an animated ball of hay" she flies off to her nest, her bill and feet being left free to climb into it. This interesting process has been often observed in aviaries. Even if an aviary is not available there are many parakeets which are exceptions to the rule that these small parrots are not very suitable for cage culture.

Mr. Seth-Smith gives instances in which the grey-breasted parakeet and the Patagonian species have not only talked but exhibited many other amusing characteristics; and the Indian ring-neck is also not infrequently a readier talker, if not so fluent a one, as the famous African grey parrot. In short, the parakeets are to the large parrots much what the small monkeys are to the great apes and baboons; less human in their intelligence and less powerful in their emotions, they are infinitely more attractive and engaging, and we hope that Mr. Seth-Smith's book will induce people who have up to now been contented with the bigger parrots to try their small relatives.

NOVELS.

"True-Eyes and the Whirlwind." By Randolph Bedford. London: Duckworth. 1904. 6s.

There is nothing like "local colour", even when it is colonial, to make a novel distinct, if not always distinguished. The appetite of the jaded story-reader, sated with accounts of social indiscretions, is stimulated by the splendidly fresh atmosphere of Canadian or Australian plains, by the mystery of silent Californian forests and Indian jungles, by the fascination of Italian or Spanish picturesqueness. And a specialist in local colour separates himself thereby from the literary throng, and is noticeable, even when his work is far less remarkable than that of Randolph Bedford. "True-Eyes and the Whirlwind" is an admirable Australian story, comparable in its similarity of subject, and in the fierce intensity and vigour of its treatment, only with the very fine short stories of Mr. McIlwaine. The history of Billy Pagan the "Whirlwind" is engrossing from the childish days when he revengefully chases the goats over the precipice, and runs away from home, to the hour when he pegs his claim in the deserted gold reef. He is always lovable, chivalrous, and generous, and a wonderful lover, though his passion for "True-Eyes" at times burns less fiercely than his passion for adventure, the inexorable craving of "the adventurer's desire, which saw only the rose and chrome of the track". There are very vivid and realistic and sometimes brutal descriptions of Australian life, of cattle-slaughter in the abattoirs, of dreary nondescript bush-work, and the sordid ways of the "cocky" or Bushman, of the miserable little rain-destroyed mildewed village of Ballanar, where Billy as an editor must take payment in kind or starve, and above all of the wonderful track for gold through "illimitable expanses of salt-bush and spinifex, by infrequent belts of ant-eaten trees, by shadowy configurations of lake shores, by great claypans that bore mirages all day, and were full of haze and mystery all night". There is hardly a page in this book without examples of unpleasant eccentricities of style and faulty hasty constructions. But the power and truthfulness of the writer outweigh in merit these slight defects.

"Jewel: a Chapter in her Life." By Clara Louise Burnham. London: Constable. 1904. 6s.

From the days of "Lord Fauntleroy" the little grandchild who wins the heart of the crabbed old man with his or her "pretty ways" and fearless manner, has been a favourite character in fiction. In real life the offensive familiarity and pertness, and inopportune caresses of these irrepressible infants, would result in well-deserved punishment, but in books their tiresome winsomeness is undefeated and triumphant. "Jewel" is a bright American child, who adds to the usual stock of infant charms, the unusual power of Christian science healing, an added irritation hitherto unthought of. In addition to the conquest of her grandfather's heart (and incidentally his purse) she converts a groom from drunkenness by half an hour's quiet talk about Christian science every day in the barn, a proceeding which one might have expected would have led to contrary results; she cures herself of fever, a horse of a mysterious complaint—and makes converts of the better-natured people in the book. There is a certain freshness of description and charm of narrative, which makes the story readable by those who are not Christian scientists or extreme child-worshippers—but it is distinctly a more cheerful and modern development of the irritating American "Queechy" of some twenty years back.

"The Celebrity at Home." By Violet Hunt. London: Chapman and Hall. 1904. 6s.

One wonders how George Vero-Taylor, the "Celebrity", contrived to make so much money by his mediæval novels, if what is quoted of his conversation and lectures is a fair example of his literary style. In satirising the popular novelist, and his "Society" admirers, Miss Hunt has exaggerated the silliness of both. Her "smart" people are sometimes vulgarly and crudely snobbish in their remarks, and though "Lady Scilly" is a well-observed and entertaining

character of the Ouidaesque type, her conversation suggests occasionally the imaginings of Ravenscourt Park, rather than the faithful record of Mayfair. But the "celebrity's" family is delightful: Tempé, the quaint child-narrator of the story, her elder sister Ariadne, the excellent domestic mother, who suddenly and rather improbably becomes a successful actress and the theatrical "Aunt Gerty" are all admirably realised. "The Celebrity at Home" is a very readable and amusing book.

"Thyra Varrick. A Love Story." By Amelia E. Barr. London: Unwin. 1904. 6s.

This book is one a parent would gladly put into the hands of a daughter, provided he was not compelled to read it first. It inculcates strict propriety of conduct, and the duty of filial respect, together with a sound if dreary Protestantism; and displays a marked feeling in favour of the House of Hanover and a dislike of Jacobitism which is curiously hearty, considering the time that has elapsed since the coming of the last "Pretender". "Thyra Varrick" is a story of the false dealing of Hector Macdonald a Highland Jacobite, and the sorrows consequent on the deceitful conduct of Thyra towards her father. It is only very moderately entertaining in spite of the picturesque setting in the Norse Orkneys and Scottish Highlands. The historic interest is very slight. One point of inaccuracy we remarked as typical of the carelessness of the modern historical novel, and that was the inordinate amount of tea-drinking which according to Miss Barr, was part of every meal in the Orkneys, at a time when even in London tea was a rare and expensive luxury.

"Tychiades." By Alfred Dickeson. London: Unwin. 1904. 6s.

In "Tychiades" Mr. Alfred Dickeson has attempted to paint a picture of society in Egypt in the reign of the second Ptolemy. Written with conscientious regard to historic detail, and permeated with a flavour of mystery and romance, the novel is interesting from more than one point of view. We could have wished to see a little more restraint displayed in two respects. The style is apt to degenerate into something a little too florid, and the stage is somewhat overcrowded. The frequent transitions by which the reader is carried from one part of the story to another are occasionally so abrupt as to make it difficult to follow the plot. A little more compression would have produced a historical novel of a type which, though not quite so common as in a previous generation, always finds a number of readers.

"Angels and Devils and Man." By Winifred Graham. London: Cassell. 1904. 6s.

Cheap wit, cheap melodrama, cheap science, cheap philosophy are the elements of this irritatingly pretentious story. The author, not contented to produce something readable and pleasant on the level of her moderate ability, and of the requirements of her probable readers, is determined to astonish and impress by perpetual quotation and by glib talk of occultism, pneumatology, and psychology, with a looseness and vagueness of expression, which suggest a merely superficial acquaintance with her subjects.

"Une Femme m'apparut." Par Renée Vivien. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 3/7. 50.

"Ce serait là une aberration antiphysique, Monsieur. J'estime trop notre amie pour la croire capable d'une passion anormale." Contrary to what one might expect, it is ordinary marriage which is thus described. Yet, though so frankly Lesbian, the supposed narrator of this passionate love story, in which there is no hero, is at great pains to conceal her sex. One cannot help admiring the ingenuity displayed in evading any adjective or past participle which could betray it, by a feminine suffix. Only in one passage, "Je m'étais si vainement acharnée," is there a slip. It is hardly likely that this sapphic effusion will appeal to any but those of similar tastes. Its sickly decadent æstheticism, morbid emotionalism, and feverish hysterical loquacity are hardly atoned for by a certain grace of manner and force of expression, and a not always perverse sense of beauty. The frequent literary and artistic references are intended to convey

an impression of culture, and music and art are pressed into the service, for the frontispiece is Da Vinci's "S. John" wrongfully described as Venetian, and between each chapter is some hackneyed selection from Beethoven, Grieg, and other composers, which we imagine are intended to throw further light on the unhealthy imaginings which follow and to enhance their effect.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Beattie and his Friends." By Margaret Forbes. London: Constable. 1904. 15s. net.

There is not the least chance of a revival of popularity for Beattie. The cult of the eighteenth century could not achieve this—a cult which apparently is restricted to the writing of some pleasant books and many pleasant prefaces and does not induce many people seriously to study the literature of that time. This volume, though it has not a few agreeable pages, will not cause many people to ask for the "Minstrel". Yet it ran through a number of editions, and to this day one can always be sure of meeting a copy or two on the shelves of the second-hand bookshops in Charing Cross Road and elsewhere. Cowper in his letters refers with enthusiasm to Beattie—"The most agreeable and amiable author I ever met with; the only author I have seen whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination that makes even the driest subject, and the leanest, a feast for an epicure in books; if you have not his poem called the 'Minstrel' I must beg you to buy it for me; for though I cannot afford to deal largely in so expensive a commodity as books, I must afford to purchase, at least, the poetical works of Beattie." It is strange that Beattie should have appealed to Cowper as so pleasant a writer at the very time when Beattie was suffering from something very like his own affliction.

"Flower-Time in the Oberland." By Canon Rawnsley. Glasgow: James MacLehose.

Canon Rawnsley's title is a little more seductive than the matter it covers; but he has attempted a wandering guide-book of the right sort. The normal guide-book either takes small account of season or supposes that you travel when everyone else travels. Canon Rawnsley looks at most of the places he visits in the light of spring; and in Switzerland as in Norway the sudden emergence of spring from the relic snows is the crowning beauty of the country. Now that the Rigi and even Pilatus are climbed by a funicular railway—which no doubt has a "special" to enable tourists to "assist at the Rising of the Sun"—it is doubly necessary to see these splendid mountains in sufficient leisure to allow of escape from the rack; and the leisurely walks sketched in the chapters on Lucerne and its neighbourhood are of the right quality. Canon Rawnsley, first stimulated to his study by Ruskin, is something of an authority in a popular way on decorative art, and quotations from his book on the subject are useful. We cannot say the same of the sonnets heading the chapters. Such narrative sonnets are an abomination; and occasionally in prose Canon Rawnsley shows himself skilful at "the art of sinking". The reflection of the new arc lamps in the Lake of Lucerne makes him feel that "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp must have his palace hereabout". Baedeker and many tourists have felt the same. "Let us start for a third walk"; "before we turn home we must needs gaze"—and "let us step outside" are openings that one seems to have seen before.

"Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society." By Richard T. Ely. London: Macmillan. 1903. 5s. net.

Professor Ely of Wisconsin has written a solid and instructive work upon industrial evolution, tracing its progress from times when "manufacturing" was done at home, to the rise of the vast present-day monopolies, which are said to control more than a sixth of the whole wealth of the United States. The scope and world-play of these mighty forces and the growth of Government, from the time when, as in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the ordinary expenditure of England amounted to less than £100,000, to the present day with its annual outlay of more than as many millions have been elaborately analysed by this observant writer, who predicts and advocates extensions of State control that would have sounded revolutionary in the early nineteenth century. Yet he is not a Socialist. We cannot follow Dr. Ely when he says that civilisation lessens unfit reproduction, though it may do so in the distant future. For the issue of competition has much to do with the well-being, or otherwise, of the competitors, but little or nothing with their reproductive possibilities. On the contrary, the "failures" are more apt than the prudent to contract miserable marriages: in fact, we know the birth-rate is the highest in the poorest districts. Some aspects of this problem have been very ably treated in a paper by Professor Karl Pearson in the "Fortnightly Review" (July 1894) to which we would refer the author, if he has not seen it, with a view to the next edition of his book.

"The Story of Japan." By David Murray. Revised by J. H. Longford. "The Story of Russia." By W. R. Morfill. War Edition. London: Unwin. 1904. 5s. each.

These volumes, revised and up-to-date, belong to the Story of the Nations Series, and the publisher has no doubt been wise in preparing this war edition. With the exception of the passages added to bring their contents down to the eve of the war, they are substantially the same books that have acquired popularity as part of a very useful series. The one enables us to follow the leading lines of Russia's development and expansion eastward till she has become a menace to Japan whose remarkable constitutional and imperial progress is set forth accurately and simply in the other. As Mr. Morfill is Professor of Russian Languages at Oxford and Mr. Murray was adviser to the Japanese Minister of Education, there can be no question as to the authority with which they write. The statistics and maps given in the present edition add materially to the timeliness and value of the books.

"Adventures on the Roof of the World." By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. London: Fisher Unwin. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond is not only an enthusiastic mountaineer but one who devours every line apparently that finds its way into print concerning Alpine achievements and Alpine adventure. She has collected a remarkable series of stories of daring, disaster, and triumph, which will secure appreciative

(Continued on page 500.)

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readers among the tyros, if not the experts who should know all these things. She fills a book of 325 pages, detailing hair-breadth escapes and dangers enough to serve the purpose of half-a-dozen boys' serials only to conclude with the assurance of a writer whom she quotes at some length that "Mountaineering by skilled mountaineers is about as dangerous as hunting in a fair country, and requires about as much pluck as to cross from the Temple to the Law Courts at mid-day". The man in the street may take the writer at his word and congratulate himself on being a much more courageous and daring person than he had ever imagined himself to be. An extraordinary number of illustrations is scattered through the volume.

"*Ruskin in Oxford and other Studies.*" By G. W. Kitchin. London: Murray. 1904. 12s. net.

Dean Kitchin intends this volume as the lightener of a tedious hour and no more, and we think it is well adapted to the purpose. There is a feeling chapter on Ruskin. When a vivisectionist was appointed professor of anatomy Ruskin was very downcast. The election was aimed, he thought, straight at him. Oxford had in all probability Ruskin in its thoughts at this time as little as the British public had Henley when he thought he was lashing it to madness and desperation by his articles in the "Scots Observer". The chapter on North Stoneham, the burying-place of the Slavonians, is reminiscent of the author's days at Winchester. He writes and speaks always with winning distinction on these antiquarian subjects. All the chapters in this volume have been printed in magazines, or delivered as lectures.

"*The Statesman's Year Book, 1904.*" London: Macmillan. 10s.

As usual this valuable reference annual has been carefully revised in accordance with the official returns of the various departments of State activity. Some very useful, because apparently wholly unbiased, tables of trade and finance have been prepared for the present issue. The elevation of Panama to a separate section is a reminder of the revolution and evidence of the care with which the revision of the book is made. Essential facts, however briefly stated, concerning every country in the world will be found in its pages.

Mr. Talfourd Ely has made useful contribution to Romano-British history in his account of the excavations at Hayling Island (Taylor and Francis, London). Mr. Ely is the first to examine at all closely into the subject; and he has discovered what beyond doubt are the remains of important and large Roman works at Hayling. His theory, for what it may be worth, is that Vespasian first conquered the Isle of Wight, then seized Hayling, and marched to Chichester, where he joined Plautius. The two then marched to London. Among the animal remains which Mr. Ely's excavations discovered were the shells of one of the edible snails, *helix pomatia*, which the Romans were accustomed to breed for the table. It is said that these snails are still to be found in the living state about the Roman villa at Chadworth and also near Cirencester. Another edible snail at a far later date seems to have been acclimatised in Bedfordshire.

"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" 1 Avril. 3fr.

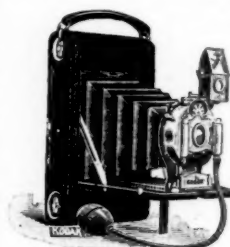
The article which strikes us as containing matter of the greatest interest in this number consists of extracts from letters written by Napoleon III. to the Swiss General Dufour. They cover a considerable period of the writer's life, commencing in 1830 and ending only a few months before the ex-Emperor's death. Dufour was perhaps the most notable man in Swiss history of the last century. An old officer of the Great Napoleon he played a considerable part in his own country, suppressed with little bloodshed the Sonderbund war of 1847, and superintended the magnificent staff map of Switzerland. He lived to a great age, surviving his correspondent by two years. His friendship with Louis Napoleon dates from the time when Queen Hortense and her son took up their residence in Switzerland. The character of the writer will certainly not suffer from the publication of these fragments. They fully bear out his reputation as a warm and constant friend. There is not much that throws any light upon his political views except perhaps some reflections on the conditions prevailing in the United States. This letter was written in 1837, when Louis Napoleon landed in New York and he predicts that "the time is not distant when the Constitution of the United States already violated by the executive will be overturned by the people". We think this goes some way to explain the efforts made by him when Emperor to induce us to join him in recognising the South and also his disastrous mistake in Mexico. A mind always brooding on Napoleonic traditions did not believe in democracy except as embodied in an elected chief, and he failed to take into account all the factors of the American problem. There is also some curious matter respecting his work on the past and future of artillery in preparing which Dufour rendered him some help. But in spite of assiduous study he never was a general or had any real military capacity.

For This Week's Books see page 502.

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Jamaica, Handbook of, 1904 (Jos. C. Ford and A. A. C. Finlay). Stanford. 7s. 6d. net.
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The Secretary (Mr. W. R. Elston) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said that in accordance with the promise made at the last meeting, the directors were pleased to make a payment by way of interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. in October last, and it was very gratifying to them to be able now to recommend a final dividend at the rate of 7 per cent., making a return for the year of 6 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital of the Company. After payment of this dividend there would remain in hand £14,769 4s. 10d., from which the directors propose to take £12,417 14s. 4d. for the service of the reserve fund, which, added to the amount of £14,582 5s. 8d. now standing at the credit of that fund, would bring the amount to £27,000. The traffic receipts for 1904 continued to improve, the aggregate to date being £35,998, or an increase of £4,125 over the corresponding period for 1903. He then explained the position and prospects of the Company, and the progress and improvements being made in various directions in Calcutta. He referred particularly to the very valuable services rendered by their managing agent, Mr. Martyn Wells, who was present at the meeting, on a well-earned holiday. To his tact and ability were largely due the pleasant relations which exist between themselves and the various local authorities. The satisfactory conduct of the traffic, also, which has produced the excellent results shown by the figures, was due to Mr. Wells' unremitting application and exertions. He then moved "That the directors' report and statement of accounts to December 31, 1903, as submitted to this meeting, be received and adopted."

Mr. Henry Kimber, M.P., seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

The Chairman next moved: "That a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended December 31, 1903, making, with the interim dividend already paid, a total dividend for the year 1903 of 6 per cent., be, and is hereby, declared, such dividend to be paid on April 13, free of income-tax."

Mr. Charles Sanderson seconded the motion, which was agreed to.

Colonel Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P., proposed the re-election of the retiring director (Mr. E. C. Morgan).

Mr. Sanderson seconded the motion.

Mr. E. P. S. Reed, on behalf of the shareholders, spoke in appreciation of Mr. Morgan's conspicuous services, especially in a very difficult time in the history of the Company, and the vote was unanimously accorded. Votes of thanks to the staff and the Chairman were then carried with acclamation.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

The Report of the Directors for the year ending 31st December, 1903, as to Accounts, says:—

The Working Expenditure and Revenue Account shows that during the year revenue was obtained from the gold won, amounting to £316,476 18s. 9d., which was increased by £3,400 5s. 1d., on account of various items of Sundry Revenue, such as Interest on Funds at call, making a Total Revenue for the year of £319,877 3s. 10d. Against this the Working Expenditure amounted to £129,915 18s. 9d., leaving a Working Profit to be carried to Profit and Loss Account of £189,961 7s. 1d. Reference to the Profit and Loss Account will enable you to see that after adding the Working Profit for the year of £189,961 7s. 1d. to the Balance carried forward from 1902 of £24,383 12s. 1d., a sum of £214,344 19s. 2d. was available for appropriation. Out of this amount your Directors declared two Interim Dividends of 50 per cent. each during the year, involving together £200,000; a sum of £16,076 14s. 3d. has been written off for depreciation of Machinery, Plant and Buildings; Profits Tax due to the Transvaal Government for period 5th June, 1902, to 31st December, 1902, which, as explained in the last Report submitted to you, had to be carried forward as a charge against 1903 accounts, amounted to £11,477 4s.; whilst the Company is liable for a further sum of £14,887 6s. in respect of Profits Tax due for the year 1903. Finally, a small item of £210 has been written off for bonus paid on account of special services rendered to the Company during the period of War. After deducting these various sums from the amount of £214,344 19s. 2d. available, a balance has been carried forward to the new Profit and Loss Account of £31,693 14s. 11d.

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	<u>£5,825 19 3</u>

The value of Gold won since milling started on the 23rd July, 1896, to 31st December, 1903, has amounted to no less than £2,050,395 9s. 10d., inclusive of £241,015 8s. 10d. which was extracted from the mine by the Boers during their period of working before referred to.

DIVIDENDS.—The two Interim dividends of 50 per cent. each already referred to were declared respectively on the 15th June, 1903, and 14th December, 1903, and make a total distribution for the year of 20s. per share.

BALANCE-SHEET, 31st December, 1903.

LIABILITIES.	
Dr.	
To Capital Account—	
200,000 Shares of £1 each	£200,000 0 0
National Bank of South Africa, Limited, Fordsburg—	
Overdraft	£2,686 4 6
Sundry Creditors—	
On account of Wages, Stores, &c.	6,840 13 6
Sundry Shareholders—	
Unclaimed Dividends, Nos. 1 to 9	£641 0 8
Dividend No. 10 of 50 per cent. 100,000 0 0	100,641 0 8
Transvaal Government—	
Ten per cent. Profits Tax 1903	14,827 6 0
Balance—	
As per Profit and Loss Account	31,693 14 11
	<u>£356,748 19 7</u>
ASSETS.	
Cr.	
By Claims—	
As per Balance-sheet, 31st December, 1902	£125,000 0 0
Permanent Works, Shafts—	
As per Balance-sheet, 31st December, 1902	£6,133 14 7
Less amount redeemed	1,767 18 3
	<u>£4,385 16 4</u>
Development—	
As per Balance-sheet, 31st December, 1902	27,428 5 6
Expenditure during 1903	3,590 7 4
	<u>31,018 12 10</u>
Less amount redeemed	7,910 1 9
	<u>23,068 11 1</u>
Machinery and Plant—	
As per Balance-sheet, 31st December, 1902	45,854 0 0
Expenditure during 1903	1,710 15 0
	<u>47,564 15 0</u>
Less Depreciation, 25 per cent.	11,891 15 0
	<u>35,673 0 0</u>
Buildings—	
As per Balance-sheet, 31st December, 1902	10,012 0 0
Expenditure during 1903	5,825 19 3
	<u>15,837 19 3</u>
Less Depreciation, 25 per cent.	4,184 19 3
	<u>11,653 0 0</u>
	<u>75,680 7 5</u>
By Stores—	
On hand	£4,851 12 7
In transit	36 6 11
	<u>£4,887 19 6</u>
Live Stock and Vehicles	387 12 2
Office Furniture	191 17 9
	<u>£5,467 9 5</u>

By Stores—cont.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Cash on Call	133,586 7 9		
Gold in Transit	3,175 12 6		
Standard Bank, Limited, London—			
Dividend Accounts	392 6 8		
Standard Bank, Limited, Johannesburg—			
Dividend Accounts	6 10 0		
Standard Bank, Limited, Johannesburg—			
Current Account	394 17 11		
Cash at Mine	127 14 6		
	<u>147,683 9 4</u>		
Sundry Debtors	685 3 5		
Vierfontein Water Scheme	400 0 0		
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Limited—			
Deposit and Shares Accounts	472 10 0		
Co-operative Exchange Yard, Ltd.—			
Shares Account	1,360 0 0		
	<u>2,917 13 5</u>		
		<u>156,663 10 2</u>	
		<u>£356,748 19 7</u>	

NOTE.—The value of gold seized by the Z.A.R. Government before the outbreak of war, viz. £17,280, is not included as an asset.

RAYMOND W. SCHUMACHER, Chairman.

W. H. DAWE, Director.

RICHARD E. GRIGGS, Secretary.

We hereby certify that we have examined and compared the Books and Vouchers of the Bonanza, Limited, and that this Balance-sheet is a true and correct statement of the Company's affairs as at 31st December, 1903.

JNO. MOON,

A. E. PAGE, Incorporated Accountant, Auditors.

JOHANNESBURG, 15th February, 1904.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE, 1st January, 1903, to 31st December, 1903.

(On a basis of 97,180 tons milled.)

EXPENDITURE.		Cost.	Cost per ton.
To	Dr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mining		73,666 13 10	0 15 1'930
Sorting, Crushing and Surface		6,738 13 3	0 1 4'643
Tramming		14,876 4 8	0 3 0'739
Cyaniding Sands		14,352 13 1	0 2 11'446
Cyaniding Slimes		5,975 7 1	0 1 2'757
General Expenses—			
Head Office	1,002 6 3		
Head Transfer Office	386 18 4		
European Agencies	961 5 3		
Staff Bonus Account	880 0 0		
Directors' and Auditors' Fees	1,357 10 0		
	<u>4,587 19 10</u>		0 0 11'331
Development Redemption		120,197 16 9	1 4 8'346
	<u>9,718 0 0</u>		0 2 0'000
	<u>129,915 16 9</u>		1 6 8'346
Balance, Profit—			
Carried to Profit and Loss Account		189,961 7 1	1 19 1'136
	<u>£319,877 3 10</u>		<u>£3 5 9'982</u>
REVENUE.		Value.	Value per ton.
By	Cr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mill Gold—			
Realised and in transit		183,204 19 1	1 17 8'451
Cyanide Gold—			
Realised and in transit		133,271 19 8	1 7 5'134
	<u>316,476 18 9</u>		3 5 1'585
Sundry Revenue—			
Interest on Deposit Accounts, Rents, Brokerages, &c.		3,409 5 1	0 0 8'397
	<u>£319,877 3 10</u>		<u>£3 5 9'982</u>

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1903.

Dr.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Depreciation—			
Machinery and Plant		11,891 15 0	
Buildings		4,184 19 3	
		<u>16,076 14 3</u>	
Dividend Account—			
No. 9, of 10s. per share, declared 15th June, 1903		100,000 0 0	
No. 10, of 10s. per share, declared 14th December, 1903		100,000 0 0	
		<u>200,000 0 0</u>	
Transvaal Government Ten per cent. Tax—			
Period 5th June, 1902, to 31st December, 1902		11,477 4 0	
Year, 1903		14,887 6 0	
		<u>26,364 10 0</u>	
Expenditure and Revenue: War Account—			
Bonus for Special Services		210 0 0	
Balance—			
Carried to Balance-sheet		31,693 14 11	
		<u>£274,344 19 2</u>	
Cr.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Balance—			
As per Balance-sheet, 31st December, 1902		125,000 0 0	
Expenditure and Revenue—			
Balance of Account for 1903		189,961 7 1	
		<u>£274,344 19 2</u>	

RAYMOND W. SCHUMACHER, Chairman.

W. H. DAWE, Director.

RICHARD E. GRIGGS, Secretary.

Examined and found correct.

JNO. MOON,

A. E. PAGE, Incorporated Accountant, Auditors.

JOHANNESBURG, 15th February, 1904.

THE CORPORATION OF THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

Head Office: No. 6 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE RESULTS REPORTED FOR THE YEAR 1903—

NEW ASSURANCES, **£1,206,500.**

NEW PREMIUMS, **£53,800.**

TOTAL PREMIUMS, **£711,000.**

TOTAL INCOME, **£1,196,200.**

CLAIMS, including BONUS ADDITIONS*, **£576,200.**

* More than Sixty-five per cent. of the Claims by death were in respect of Policies which had participated in the Surplus, and their Bonus Additions averaged about 50 per cent. of the Original Assurances.

Out of £46,395,000 of Assurances effected there are still subsisting £25,117,000 exclusive of bonus additions, or about 54 per cent. of the whole Assurances opened during the sixty-six years since the commencement of the Institution—a striking evidence of the stability of its business. The Claims paid have amounted in all to £12,177,000.

THE ACCUMULATED FUNDS amounted to **£12,800,000.**

Their INCREASE in the year was **£394,200.**

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION was established in 1837, with the object of giving to the ASSURED the full benefit of the LOW PREMIUMS hitherto confined to a few of the Proprietary Offices, while at the same time retaining the WHOLE SURPLUS for the Policyholders. THE PREMIUMS are so moderate that at usual ages for assurance £1,200 or thereby may be secured from the first for the yearly payment which would generally elsewhere assure (with profits) £1,000 only—the difference of £200 being equivalent to

AN IMMEDIATE AND CERTAIN BONUS OF 20 PER CENT.

THE WHOLE SURPLUS goes to the Policyholders on a system at once safe and equitable. The immediate assurance for the premium payable being exceptionally large, the surplus is reserved exclusively for the policies of those members who prove to be good lives. The SURPLUS at the 1901 Investigation was **£1,581,000.**

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES. SPECIAL CLASS—With Right to Bonus Additions.

To meet the wishes of many members and others, a separate class has been formed of ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES with right to BONUS ADDITIONS, of which particulars are given in the Prospectus. The Whole Surplus arising from this class belongs exclusively to those assured in it.

BRITISH WORKMAN'S AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Established 1866.

CHIEF OFFICES: BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

Extracts from the DIRECTORS' REPORT for the year ending December 31st, 1903.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your Directors are again privileged to report continued and gratifying success.

The year's transactions resulted in the HANDSOME SURPLUS BALANCE of £192,150, and a NET INCREASE of 69,701 NEW POLICY HOLDERS, producing additional NEW ANNUAL PREMIUMS of £59,045. The INCOME from all sources was INCREASED by £68,897.

The TOTAL CLAIMS amounted to £396,368, and exceeded those of the previous year by £51,900. The very large sum of £93,836 was paid out under Maturing Endowment and Endowment Assurance Policies.

Your Directors are pleased to report a further reduction in the ratio of Expenses of Management.

New Business.

The TOTAL NUMBER of NEW POLICIES issued was 463,589, at a Yearly Premium of £321,994.

Claims.

The TOTAL AMOUNT paid by the Company to its Assurants up to 31st December, 1903, was £3,928,501.

S. J. PORT, Secretary.

FREDK. T. JEFFERSON,

Chairman.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE at the Office, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 16 April, 1904.